The Beaver

DECEMBER 1951

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Christmas Story — J. H. Webster

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OUTFIT 282

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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To our Readers,

Another Christmas and another New Year are upon us. May I once more send to you my warmest greetings. May you and your families enjoy a happy and peaceful Christmas season, and may the year ahead be one of comfort and prosperity for you.

M. Cooper.
Governor.

December, 1951.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE

by R. Glover

The building of Cumberland House—the scene depicted on the cover—was the first great stride in the Hudson's Bay Company's march across the continent.

THE year 1774 is a significant one in the history of the Canadian West. It marks the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company's first far inland trading post, Cumberland House, on the shores of Pine Island Lake by the Saskatchewan River. Hitherto, for a hundred years past, the Company's posts had all been on or near the shores of Hudson Bay itself. Each summer the Indians of the far distant prairies and forests inland had paddled down the rivers and across the lakes of the interior to exchange their furs for the white man's guns, knives, kettles, and blankets at the posts beside the sea. The H B C had found this a most profitable system, but now the Indians were ceasing to come. Rival fur traders from Montreal had begun carrying trading goods into the Indians' own hunting grounds and collecting their furs on the spot. The Montrealers' success threatened to squeeze the old company's trade out of existence. So the H B C took a long stride inland.

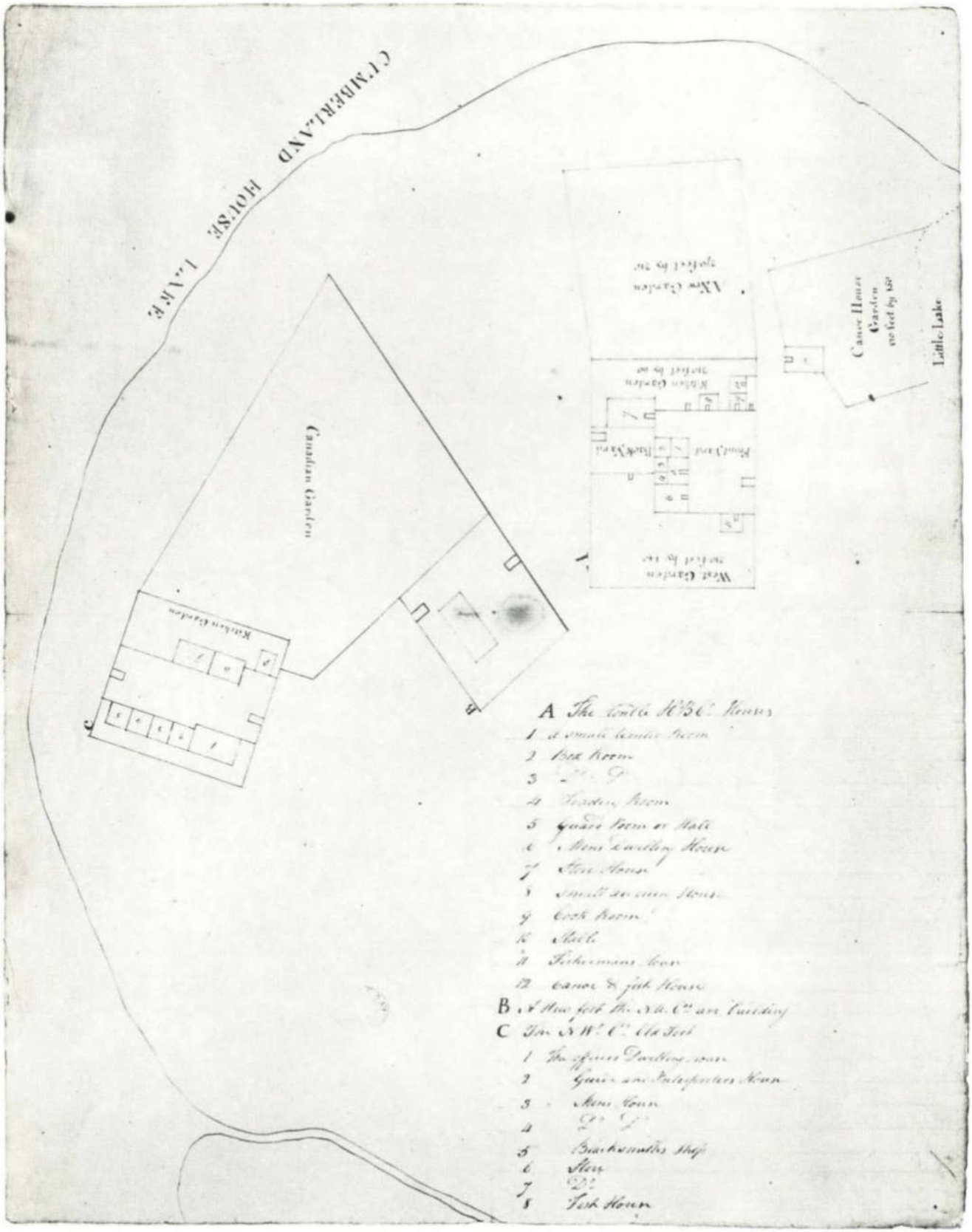
The first result of this step was a bitter and violent competition, all across the wilderness and far from the reach of the law, between the London company and its competitors from the St. Lawrence. In the course of the struggle the H B C expanded its own operations enormously. At the end it absorbed the posts, personnel and trade of its rivals, the famous North West Company. In 1773 the H B C had barely half a dozen trading posts, of which none was more than a hundred miles from the Bay. In 1821 it possessed, as a result either of its own expansion, or of the absorption of its rivals, a chain of posts controlling the fur trade right across the present Dominion of Canada, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to British Columbia, and, in some cases, beyond the Dominion's modern boundaries. Wherever the Company expanded, it carried a British claim to territory. All its claims were not made good, but its share in holding possession of the West for the future Dominion of Canada was large. And it contributed more than territory. From the Company the young Dominion was to inherit a valuable tradition of good relations with the natives. But the Company's success in doing all these things sprang in no small degree from the timely foundation of Cumberland House in 1774. Had this step not been taken when it was taken, the Company's chance of surviving, and triumphing in, its struggle with its rivals would have been much reduced. The margin by which it survived and won was small enough as things were. It is then with good reason that 1774 is marked as an important date. It opened a pregnant half century in the H B C's, and, perhaps, in Canada's history.

Yet the founding of Cumberland House is rarely mentioned without a note of surprise and the question—why did it take place so late? Four decades, and more, before 1774 the H B C men at York had first reported that their Indian customers from the interior were being cut off by La Vérendrye's Frenchmen who had carried trade goods into their own country. To do this the French had to make a vast journey, from Montreal up the St. Lawrence, across the Great Lakes, over the Grand Portage at the head of Lake Superior, and out to Lake Winnipeg by way of Lake of the Woods. Why then, it is asked, did the H B C men, possessed as they were of the shortest routes to the best fur bearing regions of the continent, delay so long to use them?

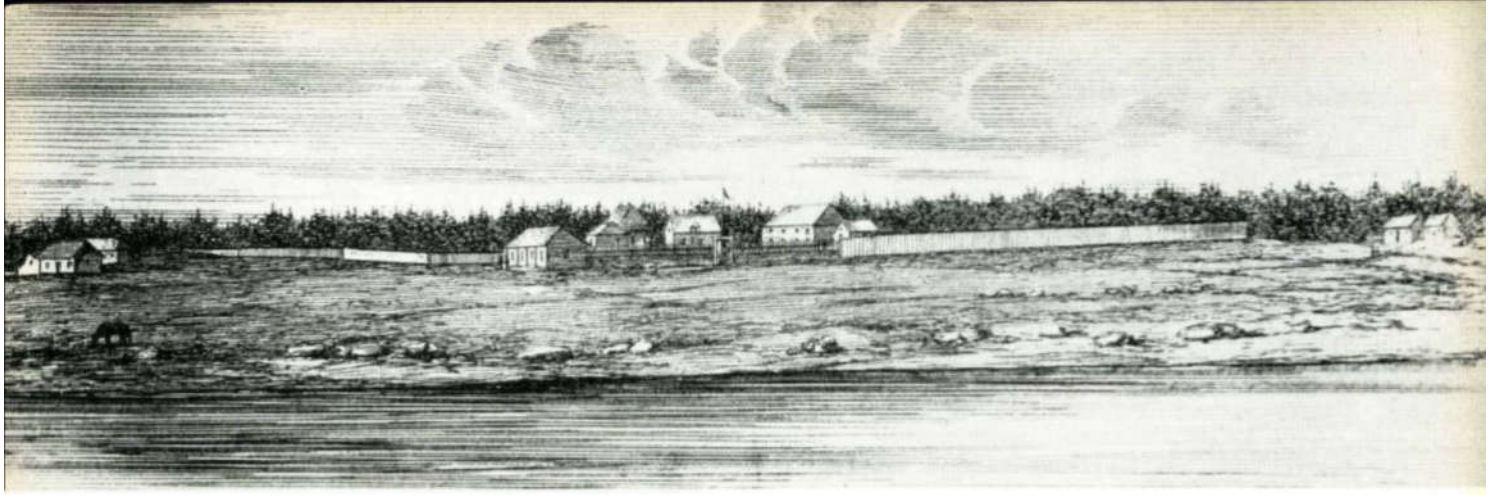
This is an old question. It first was asked in the mid-eighteenth century by the Company's enemy in Parliament, Arthur Dobbs, and their disgruntled ex-servant, Joseph Robson. It echoes still. Yet the answer should have been clear at least to Robson, for he knew something of the country. In one word, the solution to the problem is summed up in the military term "logistics"; and logistics means "matters relating to the movement and supply of troops."

For there is a close parallel between the needs of war and of the fur trade. A military operation requires, first and obviously, men; second, their rations; third, the heavy military equipment of an army, ammunition, artillery, bridging and the like; fourth, transport vehicles to carry the equipment and rations. Like the soldier, the fur trader also needed men and rations to support them. He was, of course, not burdened with heavy warlike stores, but instead he had to move a large bulk of trading goods to his place of trade; for this, he too needed transport, which in his case meant canoes. So the logistical requirements of the fur trade were precisely similar to those of war.

All these requirements were readily available to the fur trader by the St. Lawrence. In the colony of Quebec, he could find skilled canoemen aplenty and the craftsmen and material needed for the making of canoes. There was no difficulty with rations either. Indian corn could be bought in the colony and at native villages by the Great Lakes. With a little lard, corn was all the ration a French Canadian canoeman asked, and it was cheaply supplied; "the allowance for each man on a voyage," writes one early trader, "is a quart a day; and a bushel, with two pounds of prepared fat, is reckoned to be a month's subsistence." Beyond the Great Lakes, the prairie provided pemmican.



This plan, drawn some time after 1812, shows that the posts of the rival companies at Cumberland almost touched each other. The N.W. Co.'s old and new posts are on the left, the H B C's on the right. At the bottom is the entrance to the Bigstone River. Note that in the H B C fort, the largest house is the men's, while the biggest N.W. Co. building is the officers' dwelling. When Franklin visited these posts in 1819 he found them "surrounded by lofty stockades and flanked with wooden bastions." At that time it was the residence of Governor Williams of the H B C. The present Cumberland House occupies much the same site as that shown here. H B C Archives.



Cumberland House as it appeared in 1875. Canadian Illustrated News.

Finally, Montreal was a natural port of entry for trade goods and equally convenient for shipping furs to Europe. The Montreal fur-trader's route to the fur country might be long, but logistically his situation was ideal.

At the Bay this situation was completely reversed. York Fort lay only some 500 miles from Lake Winnipeg, the gateway to the buffalo country and the richest beaver lands, but the means to cover even this short distance were wanting. Along that route there were no provisions to be bought and game itself was scarce; so when the H B C traveller, Anthony Henday, had urged the Blackfeet to come down to York Fort to trade in 1754, their chief had declined, saying, "the natives who went down to the Bay were often-times starved while on their journey." And Henday, who had been over the route, commented, "Such remarks I thought exceeding true." York was also quite unable to supply any means of transport. At first this may seem strange. One naturally thinks of canoes as things that came straight out of the woods. Few of us have escaped Longfellow at some period of our career, and we all remember how Hiawatha's forest provided him with everything he needed for his canoe, a covering of birch bark, a frame of cedar, roots of tamarack and the resin of the fir-tree. But the stunted northern forests, within reach of York Fort on Hudson Bay, are less obliging. Neither the White Birch (*Betula papyrifera*) nor the Cedar (*Thuja occidentalis*) grow in that climate. Without birches no canoes were to be had.

The H B C also faced a handicap in the matter of securing men for the fur trade. In Canada the North West Company could find men born in America and bred to a wilderness life, and find them in abundance. The H B C had to import its men from Europe. It took most of them from the Orkney Isles. The Orkneymen did good service for the H B C, but they had two drawbacks. First, they took some time to learn to be competent wilderness travellers; second, they became almost unobtainable on the outbreak of war. They were born and bred to the sea as the Canadian voyageur was bred to the river and forest; and when war came, a very high percentage of able-bodied young Orkneymen sooner or later found themselves in the Royal Navy for duration. This is important because, of the 47 years that lay between the founding of Cumberland House in 1774 and the union of the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies in 1821, Britain spent 28 at war.

The H B C therefore faced a serious situation after the British conquest of Canada, when Anglo-Saxon traders in Montreal began to recruit French labour and re-open the old trail of La Vérendrye to the North West. In the face of this competition, their trade slumped heavily and ruin threatened them, unless they could establish posts beside their rivals.

In this crisis the Company possessed two assets only. The first was a small band of able veterans of wilderness travel who could lead and direct their new expeditions inland. In 1754, twenty years before the founding of Cumberland House, the chief factor at York Fort had sent the famous traveller, Anthony Henday, inland with a band of Indians, to see what La Vérendrye's Frenchmen were up to and persuade the natives to continue coming to the Bay. Henday's journey had been a great success. Thereafter the H B C made a regular practice of sending European servants to travel up country with their Indian customers. In their wanderings, alone with native bands, these white men learnt the Indian languages, the arts of canoemanship and of living off the country, and acquired besides a personal hardihood equal to that of their savage companions. Three of these men were successively to command at Cumberland House in its early years. The first was the House's founder, Samuel Hearne, who had made the hardest and longest journey of all, from Churchill northwestward to the Coppermine by the Arctic Sea. The second was Matthew Cocking, a very able and well-educated clerk, who had gone up the Saskatchewan from York in 1772-73. The third was a rough, but shrewd and literate labourer from South Ronaldshay in the Orkneys, William Tomison; he had made journeys from Severn House up to Lake Winnipeg and beyond. At the beginning most of the subordinate H B C men who went up to Cumberland were raw novices, new to wilderness life. In these circumstances the quality of the H B C leaders, and their capacity to set an example, would seem most important for the process of moulding greenhorns into competent wilderness travellers.

The H B C's second asset was the goodwill of their native customers inland. This was indeed a wasting asset. When rival trading posts were established in their own

country, fewer and fewer Indians bothered to come down to the Bay. Any further delay in settling inland would almost certainly have cost the Company the assistance of these few. However a handful still came in 1774, and by their help alone Cumberland House was settled. The Company, as has been seen, had neither canoes of its own, nor the means to make them. To overcome this vital lack, they fell back upon the expedient of chartering space in the canoes of their Indian customers to carry their men and goods inland.

Though it was only by these means that Cumberland House was established, the expedient was a dismal one. For one thing, the native canoe was too small to carry an economical cargo. In addition to its crew of two men, and their camp kit, it could accommodate only some 100 Made Beaver in furs. This points to a surplus cargo capacity of hardly more than some 250-300 lbs. burden. But the Company's rivals were supplied with splendid French-made canoes capable of carrying up to two tons burden. Competition on these terms was most unequal. That is the point of Hearne's disgusted first entry on June 23, 1774, in his first Cumberland House journal, as he started his journey inland; he writes, "we were in all 5 canoes and tho deep laden we had but about 180 lbs. Brazil tobacco, 130 lbs. Powder, 200wt of Shott and Ball, 6 Gallns Brandy, 6 Do White Waters and some other trifling Articals of Trading Goods and a few Necessary Stores . . . as for Provisions we took only 2." Pecks of Oatmeal and 12 lbs. of Bisquett He had cut his rations to the bone in order to get some kind of a cargo of trading goods inland at all, and his cargo still was puny. It says much for his nerve that on his second day out, when he learnt from some Indians that the rivers were too shallow for such heavy-laden canoes to pass, he did not hesitate to part with all his oatmeal. Twelve days were to pass before, on July 5, his party were able to kill "several Molting Swans which is the first thing that has been killed since we left the Fort."

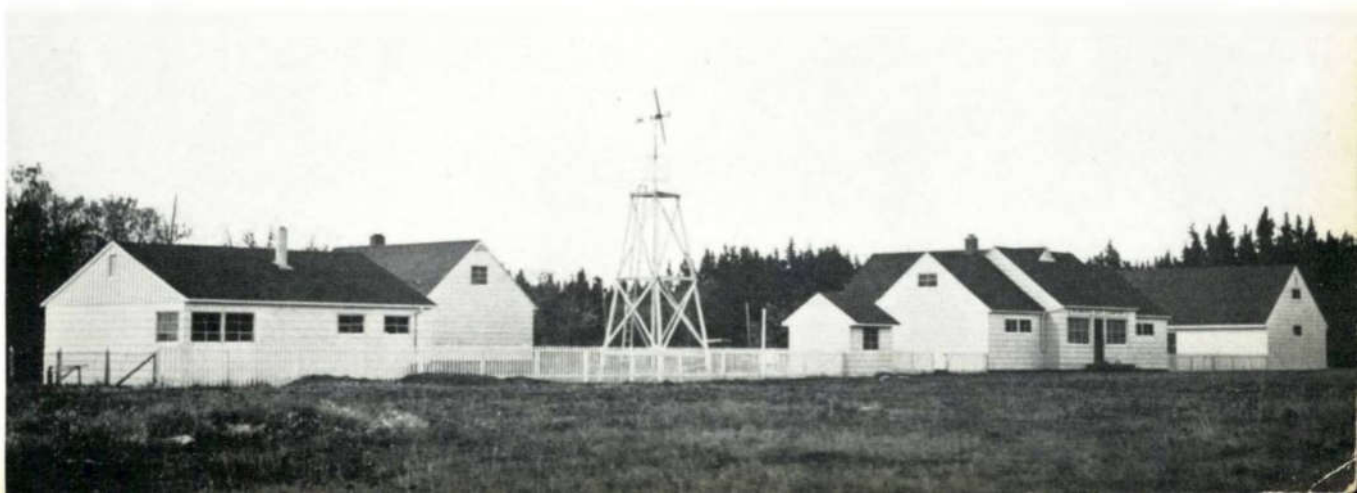
A second weakness of relying on Indians was their fickleness. At York they declared themselves delighted to carry men and goods inland and take pay for doing so. Once the pay was received and the fort was out of sight, they were very ready to change their minds. So three parties of men and goods sent to assist Hearne in 1774 never reached him.

However, with eight whites and two Indians from York Hearne did get a post settled in some fashion. He found an excellent site, in a bay to the east of the present post, built a "log tent," made his presence known to the natives, survived the winter and started building a permanent dwelling and store. That is about all that can be said of the first season at Cumberland House. Hearne secured only a miserably small trade of fur. Lack of brandy to reward Indian craftsmen all but defeated his efforts to accomplish the most important part of his task—namely, securing canoes to carry in his next season's outfit. Many Indians promised to make him "large canoes"; only two did so, and even their canoes were nowhere near so large as Hearne wanted.

Yet this wretched beginning was not a failure. When Hearne handed over Cumberland House to his successor, Matthew Cocking, in October, 1775, he had acquired a very clear understanding of what the inland settlement needed for success. Every effort was made to meet his demands and the new settlement progressed. In the post's third season Cocking traded ten times the amount of fur Hearne had secured in its first. Before long the Lowland Scot, Robert Longmoor, was producing for it canoes as efficient as those the Company's rivals possessed. In relatively few seasons the Company's Orkneymen became competent voyageurs. In 1775 Hearne had reported that the Company's weakness rendered them "the make game and laughingstock of every trader from Canady." A dozen years later the "traders from Canady" had ceased laughing, for, as one of them, Edward Umfreville, wrote, "the Hudson's Bay traders have ingratiated themselves more into the esteem and confidence of the natives than the Canadians. The advantage of trade is evidently on their side; their men, whose honesty is incorruptible, being more to be depended upon. In proportion to the goods imported, the Company export a greater quantity of furs, and these in better preservation, and consequently more valuable."

These words are the measure of the Company's success in overcoming the obstacles to founding and maintaining their settlement of Cumberland House. The H B C still had a hard struggle ahead. Three years after the comment quoted above was written came the outbreak of Britain's wars with the French Republic and Empire, which were to last twenty years, and impose upon the H B C difficulties their Montreal rivals did not feel. But the Company had made too good a start for the Nor'Westers to crush it. •

The H B C post at Cumberland House today—dwelling, store and warehouse.



CHANGING THE ARCTIC MAPS

by J. Lewis Robinson

AERIAL photography has provided a new and excellent source for studying the geography of many relatively inaccessible areas of Arctic Canada. Accurate base maps are of fundamental importance before any detailed studies can be carried out. During the last few years the R.C.A.F. photo squadrons have extended their operations northward to photograph virtually all of this previously poorly-mapped part of Canada. Maps are being compiled and printed steadily by the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys and the Department of National Defence in Ottawa.

Many noteworthy changes have appeared in the outline of the coasts of the Arctic Islands. New islands have been discovered and old islands have been found to consist of two or more islands. The accompanying map shows in heavy lines some of these recent changes in the outline of Arctic Canada. The light lines of the base map are taken from the official map of the Northwest Territories published in 1939, and record the state of our map knowledge prior to World War II.

It is not surprising that new additions could be made to the map of Arctic Canada when one considers the handicaps and hardships experienced by the original explorers who first charted the coastlines. Many of the coasts were mapped by triangulation from ships moving slowly offshore, and frequently fighting ice at the same time. When one considers that the Franklin Search explorers pulled their own sledges, worked with crude instruments in severe cold, worried about sufficient food supply, and yet were able to write up detailed journals of what they saw in the new lands, and prepare accurate maps, we have to admire the training and tenacity of the explorer-scientists of the last century. Instead of noting the errors which the luxury and ease of air photography has shown, we should be thankful and amazed at how much mapping these hardy souls were actually able to accomplish.

In the far northern group of islands exploration has been almost entirely coastal and very few white men have yet set foot on the interiors of many of the islands. One of the most notable changes in this most northerly group has been the discovery that Borden "Island" consists of two islands. The region around these islands was explored and mapped by V. Stefansson during his journeys of 1915-17. Stefansson circumscribed the islands, travelling much of the time in fog or blowing snow which greatly limited visibility. Wilkins "Bay" which he mapped is now revealed in air photos to be a broad strait which separates the former island into two. Whereas topographic information about the islands was very meagre from Stefansson's journals, it is now possible to study the land forms of the islands very clearly from photos taken during the snow-free summer. It seems unfortunate that Stefansson could not have been commemorated for his exploration when the southern half of the former Borden Island was renamed, since he is still the only white man to have set foot on these islands.

In 1901, Isachsen, from Sverdrup's Norwegian expedition in the *Fram*, travelled around the Ringnes Islands and mapped them for the first time. He mapped Isachsen Peninsula as the westward extension of Ellef Ringnes Island. Stefansson's expedition was the next group of explorers to be in this area, and one of this party reported crossing on sea-ice through a channel between Isachsen "peninsula" and the main island. Henceforth the peninsula was separated from Ellef Ringnes and known as Isachsen Island. Air photos taken shortly after World War II during the snow-free summer showed that Isachsen "Island" was connected to Ellef Ringnes by a low, broad isthmus, which Stefansson's party had crossed when snow-covered without realizing that they were on land. The "island" again becomes Isachsen Peninsula. Although the general shape of Ellef Ringnes Island remains as originally mapped, there have been numerous refinements of the coastline, and in particular a realignment of the southern peninsulas. No white men had travelled in the interior of the island until the new meteorological station was opened at Deer Bay in 1948. The air photos show that the interior of the island has at least three eroded domes, with concentric drainage cut into sedimentary rock—indeed they would be interesting areas for Arctic physiographers!

D. Haig-Thomas was the first white man to cross southern Amund Ringnes Island, just east of Ellef Ringnes Island, as recently as 1938. On his return journey towards Ellesmere Island he reported a low island between Amund Ringnes and Axel Heiberg Island. Since he was travelling alone, with an Eskimo helper, doubts were placed upon the island's existence, particularly since he wished to name it after himself. Since frozen, snow-covered low land is very difficult to distinguish from rough, snow-covered sea-ice without digging down into the earth, it was probably wise to await confirmation. Air photos have revealed that the island is indeed there, and the small piece of land has been named for Haig-Thomas who gave his life in the British Army during World War II.

Very few persons have travelled along the west coast of Axel Heiberg Island. The island was explored and its coastline mapped by members of Sverdrup's expedition of 1898-1902. No one saw the west coast again until the R.C.M.P. constable Stallworthy performed the difficult task of going around the island by dog-team in 1932, while searching for the lost German explorer, Kreuger. Sverdrup's expedition did not have time to investigate the many inlets and fiords of the west coast, but simply noted the openings on their maps. Some of the fiords have

been shown by air photos to be very long and to extend inland into mountainous, ice-capped topography. No one has yet penetrated inland into this rugged, alpine island.

Ellesmere Island is the largest of the far northern tier of islands. Its coasts rise abruptly from the sea to altitudes of several thousand feet, and so were easy to distinguish during early exploration. Numerous explorers, scientists and police patrols have covered the southern parts of the island and the coastline has proven to be mapped fairly accurately. The northern coast has been travelled by only two expeditions. P. Aldrich, as part of the British expedition of G. S. Nares, first mapped part of the north coast in 1876. Robert Peary, in 1906, extended the mapped coast westward and linked up with Sverdrup's exploration of Nansen Sound. Both Aldrich and Peary were concerned primarily with delimiting the shape of this large land mass which faced into the Arctic Ocean rather than with mapping the numerous and intricate inlets of the mountainous north coast. Air photos have changed the detail of the coastal indentations greatly. They reveal the character of the jagged, high mountain range which forms the most northerly land in Canada, and show one of the few lowlands located along the coast, where the most northerly weather station was opened in 1950 at Alert.

Prince Patrick Island was explored by Mecham and Leopold McClintock in 1853 while searching for traces of the lost Franklin expedition. The island was not visited again until Stefansson's expedition of 1915. The original mapping has proven to be surprisingly accurate. Very few changes have been made, other than adding another inlet on the east coast.

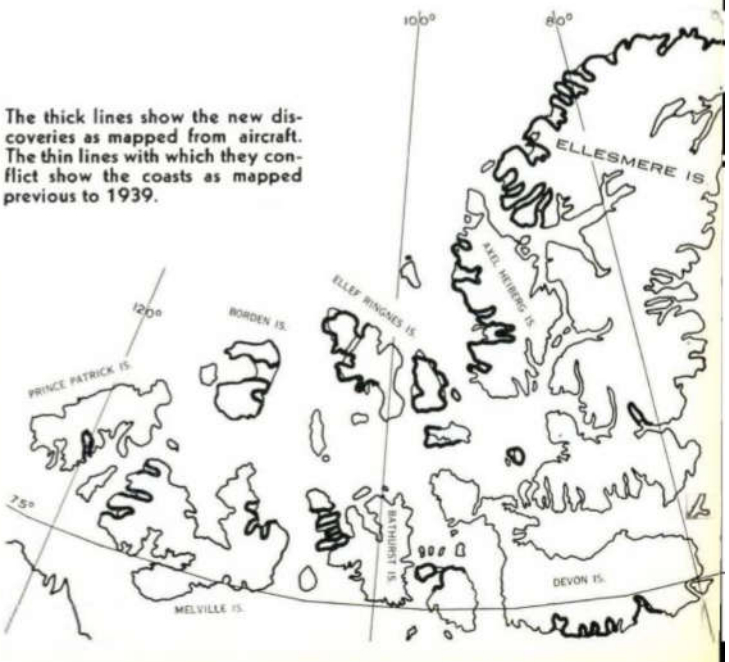
Melville Island was discovered by Edward Parry in 1819, and the south coast was visited by numerous expeditions in the next century. Each successive expedition brought back more detailed information about the coastline, and some interior areas, so that the map of 1939 needed very little revision when the air photos were taken. The inlets on the west coast were longer than they appeared to travellers who looked into their box-canyon character but did not penetrate them. Similarly, some readjustments have been necessary in the outlines of the northeastern bays. Other than a few lowland routes very little was known about the interior of Melville Island. The air photos give the geographer, for the first time, some topographic information about the flat-topped high plateau which forms the western arm of Melville Island.

Bathurst Island was first circumscribed by explorers searching for Sir John Franklin during 1851-53. These hardy adventurers, such as G. Richards and S. Osborne, pulled their own sledges, loaded with surveying equipment and food supplies around parts of the island, searching for records which might reveal the fate of the missing Franklin expedition. As part of their work they mapped the coast and numerous inlets of the northwestern peninsula of Bathurst Island. The area was never visited again, and it was not until photos were taken that it was discovered that the "peninsula" is in reality a row of four linear islands. Each "inlet" proved to be a channel which might have been used as a route through the northward-jutting "peninsula." During operations of the federal Magnetic Pole survey of 1948, the R.C.A.F. Canso plane landed in one of these channels, and the scientists of the survey party became the first white men to step on the "inland" parts of this former northwestern peninsula.

A similar situation has been revealed on Cornwallis Island, to the east. The low "peninsula" which hooks westward from the northern part of the island is actually another island, separated by a shallow, reef-studded channel. This fact, shown on the air photos, was confirmed on the ground when two geologists of the Federal Government circumnavigated Cornwallis Island in a small canoe during the summer of 1950.

Devon Island has been one of the main bases for Arctic exploration, since its southern and eastern coasts have open water for a longer period than the other islands of the far northern group. However, many of these expeditions were more concerned with penetrating westward from Devon Island and never stopped to map the many inlets of the south and north coasts. Thus, the high, almost vertical cliffs of the south coast, which were seen by innumerable Arctic travellers and visitors, have been shown by air photos to be much more indented than previously realized. Many of the small openings in the coastal cliffs have proven to be long, narrow inlets cutting inland between steep-sided cliffs of sedimentary rock. One of these inlets was visted by the R.C.M.P. vessel *St. Roch* during its history-making voyage through the Northwest Passage in 1944. Although R.C.M.P. patrols had crossed the ice-cap at the eastern end of Devon Island in 1933 and 1940, there was virtually no geographic information about the interior of the island until the aerial photos became available. They reveal that the western part of the island is ice-free and is a barren plateau cut by many ravines that lead down to the coastal inlets which are now mapped. ◆

Another article on map changes in the southern group of Arctic Islands and Arctic mainland will appear in a subsequent issue of the Beaver.



The thick lines show the new discoveries as mapped from aircraft. The thin lines with which they conflict show the coasts as mapped previous to 1939.

THE TALE OF RED FEATHER

by Peter Skene Ogden

Drawings by Lloyd Scott

The recent publication of Ogden's Snake Country Journals by the Hudson's Bay Record Society has awakened new interest in this hardy fur trader, who ranks with McLoughlin and Douglas as one of the dominant Company men in the history of the Pacific Northwest States. Ogden's little-known book, Traits of American-Indian Life and Character, *from which this tale was taken, was first published in 1853 in London, and has now become a collectors' item. Actually, the author is identified on the title page simply as "A Fur Trader." But there is much evidence in the stories it contains to show that Ogden wrote the book. (See also H.B.R.S. Vol. XIII; 242 n.1.)*

"Wrote" is perhaps too definite a term to use. The style bears no resemblance to his own writings, and is often painfully formal and artificial. But the tales themselves may be relied upon as genuine. "Red Feather" is one of the best. Some of its less interesting paragraphs have been left out, but the bulk of it has been reprinted here.—Editor.

ON one occasion, being desirous of penetrating a tract of country more than usually infested by the marauders we had to dread, I joined company with the camp of the Flathead* nation, at that period proceeding on their annual visit to the buffalo-grounds. At this time, their camp consisted in all of two hundred lodges, but it was anciently much more numerous; war, in which they were continually engaged, having, within a few years, thinned off the flower of the young men, and given a preponderance to the enemy's force which told sadly to their disadvantage.

. . . . . .

Our march was conducted with much regularity; all the arrangements being overlooked by the camp chief, known among us by the appellation of "Cut Thumb." In order to assure our party as much as possible against the ordinary risks of the way, a position was allotted to us in the midst of the whole band, and which, whether in the march or when encamped, we invariably occupied. In this manner we journeyed for ten or fifteen days, occasionally meeting with a few stray buffalo, but experiencing no molestation on any hand, nor indeed seeing the vestige of an enemy. But as at sea, the calmest weather when it precedes a storm is the more to be dreaded, since the mariner is thereby lulled into treacherous security; so in these prairies, an unusual interval of peace but too frequently augurs a speedy reverse of fortune. Thus did it prove in our case. Rendered careless by the seeming absence of danger, the Indians frequently neglected the ordinary precautions necessary to secure against surprise or robbery. Their horses were left untethered and unguarded, and their proceedings, generally, marked by a sense of the most careless, yet most unwarranted security.

For my own part, I maintained the usual discipline among my men, and soon had reason to congratulate myself in not having yielded to the lazy example of our Indian companions; for one morning it was found that a large number of horses had been stolen during the night, whose owners had now to lament the imprudence into which they had been tempted. Fulfilling the old proverb of "shutting the stable-door after the steed is stolen," every precautionary measure was now adopted, when no longer of any avail; scouts scoured the country on all sides; whoops, shouts, maddening yells of rage and disappointment resounded through the camp; all which gave way to soberer counsel when the result of the reconnoissance was made known by those deputed to that duty. Every concurrent circumstance pointed to their inveterate enemies, the Blackfeet Indians, as the authors of this outrage. It was also ascertained that the course of their retreat was due west, and that they were in all probability a detachment from an extensive camp whose fires were discovered in a valley some twenty miles distant.

Such was the position of affairs; council upon council was held, and my opinion consulted every hour of the day to settle some knotty point in the discussion, while I, like a skilful general, usually contrived by the wording of my decisions to avoid committing myself in the estimation of either party affected by them. To be brief, the final issue of all the arguments adduced was this; that the horses were stolen, the thieves were at hand, and that at all risks reprisals must be made. A party of young men speedily assembled, in anticipation of the adventure, but this was not definitely arranged, since one of the principal personages of the camp had remained as yet a silent but not unobservant spectator of what was passing, and without his sanction no enterprise of this nature could with propriety be undertaken. This seeming apathetic, though influential member of the band was the "Red Feather," so called from the distinctive badge he at all times wore to indicate the dignity to which by common acclamation he had been elected. His colleague the "Cut Thumb" was camp chief, and had attained the supreme dignity through his acknowledged wisdom in the affairs of every day life. The "Red Feather" was leader of the warriors, and had received his chivalrous appointment in consideration of his extraordinary prowess in the field, and the address he exhibited in all that related to martial concerns. The haughty and reserved demeanour he usually assumed was well calculated to impress his companions with a lofty opinion of his character; while his suavity of manner when

*"If the author can be said to have any preference for one of these swarthy clans before another, it is possibly for the chivalrous Flatheads, who have never been known to shed the blood of a white man, and are as brave in war as the Crows and Blackfeet."—*From the introduction to Ogden's book.

"Scouts scoured the country on all sides"

addressed, tended to secure for him their regard and esteem. Bold and fearless, he was at the same time prudent and skilful beyond any Indian who roved the prairies; his renown was spread far and wide; and among all the Flathead warriors there was not one whose name resounded so frequently in the Blackfeet camp, when the lamentations of the bereaved told of valued racers disappeared, or the wail of widows gave signal of deeds of death. Tall, well-shaped, and muscular, his person exhibited every characteristic of strength and activity; while his features were marked by well-cut, expressive outlines, which would have distinguished him to the most casual observer as a man of character and ability. Such in outward seeming was the "Red Feather," towards whom at this critical period, every eye was turned in expectation of counsel.

When at length his long-deferred judgment was delivered, the hasty preparations that had been undertaken on the spur of the moment were rendered void, since all immediate retaliation was discountenanced by the old warrior. "Peace for a while," said he; "let us not be hasty; the Blackfeet are even now on their guard against our enterprises, and would frustrate them. Let us send the pipe of peace towards them, and meet them as friends: time rolls on, and we shall yet be quits with them before the grass is withered on the prairie."

The advice was acted upon: after an interchange of messages, a grand meeting was agreed to, and the spot of the conference fixed.

Repairing hither at the appointed time, we found the Blackfeet already posted to receive us; and after a due allowance of ceremonial preparations, we proceeded to the business of the day, with all the consequence and sincerity of practised diplomatists. At the head of the Flathead party, by virtue of his dignity of peace-chief, rode our notable leader the "Cut Thumb," attended by the pipe-bearer and a varlet of no small importance in his own esteem, who carried the bag of medicine. The "Red Feather" and myself followed close behind, representing the native prowess and allied strength of the clan; while the rear was brought up by a gallant cavalcade of warriors, who fretted their steeds with knee and bridle, making them caracole as they rode along, in order to show off their skill in the *ménage*. The cavaliers of the opposite party were not a whit inferior to them in these knightly accomplishments, and bestrode their ill-gotten animals with an air of the most consummate self-possession.

To the imposing display of these first approaches to each other, succeeded the pipe of peace, and other affectations of friendship; all which being happily ended, the assembly was repeatedly harangued by the orators on both sides, who, if they wanted the euphonical polish of a Cicero, might have vied with Demosthenes in the energetic vigour of their language. On the part of the Flatheads, a recapitulation of grievances from time immemorial opened the discussion: this was met by an argument having much the same tendency, and yet more point, in behalf of the opposite faction. "You complain," said they, "that we have stolen your horses! While you are speaking the blood of our young men whom you have slain is yet warm; their scalps are not dry that you took from us. You say that in days past, before your white fathers gave you guns, we killed many of you! Has not your revenge been complete? Only last year twenty of our warriors were cut off as with fire; three of their scalps even now decorate the 'Red Feather,' who stands before us. You, 'Cut Thumb,' you—you who now accuse us of injuring the Flatheads—with your spells and incantations have cast sickness into our camp: our children gasp for breath, our very horses are less fleet than was their wont, solely owing to your strong medicines, and the virulence of your hatred towards us. As for the horses you have lost, the *Shoshonies* must have taken them; not one has entered our camp: our young men are low spirited and are become as women; how then could they have done so bold an action?" In this strain of mutual recrimination and defence the parley was carried on to the end; both parties pretending to believe implicitly the expressions of good will and peaceful intentions lavishly poured forth, yet each inwardly chuckling at the other's credulity. A hollow peace was eventually patched up by

these punic diplomatics, and the two camps separating, went afterwards each on its way, in the direction where they expected to find buffalo.

Three days afterwards the "Red Feather" came to my tent. "Today I go for horses," said he; "the Blackfeet are unsuspicious; my young men have seen their camp; their horses are unwatched. The Black," added he, alluding to one which had attracted my attention from the symmetry of its shape—"the Black must be mine at all risks." Attended by two of his followers, he went off the same night, not as usual on horseback, but on foot, each of the party carrying a small supply of dried meat, and a tough *lasso* that sufficiently declared the nature of their mission.

. . . . . .

Suddenly a cloud of dust appeared on the horizon, in the direction of our preceding day's march. All eyes were strained to discover the cause. There were no buffalo in that quarter to account for the commotion; but all conjecture was soon put at rest: the peculiar cry with which the Indian jockeys urge on a band of horses, maddening them by some strange sympathy beyond conception was heard from time to time, repeated with growing distinctness as the excited horses approached; a yell of welcome broke forth, when at length a numerous band became discoverable, driven by three mounted Indians, who were soon recognized as the "Red Feather" and his two daring associates. As they drew near it might be seen that the horses were well-nigh exhausted; the foam, trickling down their quivering flanks, mingled with the accumulated dust, and completely disguised their exterior features. Anon they would slacken their pace, and seek momentary relief by snatching languidly at the tufts of grass around them; but the shrill and piercing whoop, whose strangely discordant modulation it were vain to endeavour to express, or even to imitate, would again set them off with redoubled energy.

. . . . . .

Arriving at the camp, the "Red Feather" and his two associates dismounted at a bound, slipped the cords in an instant out of their horses' mouths, and turning them loose, uttered a loud whew of complacency, finishing with a hearty laugh at the success of their exploit. After their hunger had been appeased with a supply of boiled meat proportionate to their long fast, served to them in the principal lodge, the endless pipe was lighted, and they recounted the hazards they had undergone; to which, though one would have supposed some of the incidents not to be over agreeable, they invariably gave a ludicrous or jocund turn. Their delighted audience listened with infinite relish to the story of this adventure; the braves relating how they had overheard the luckless Blackfeet boasting in their camp, and chuckling over their fancied security. "But," said the "Red Feather," in conclusion, and in a tone of disappointment, "the Black was left behind after all. I visited in one night almost every tent in the camp; for he was not loose with the band. I crept on my belly among the horses' feet, and sought and sought to no purpose. At length I found him. He was tied, but not tethered with a picket: his master held the cord as he

slept; the day was breaking, or I would have cut it." Then, warming again with the remembrance of his successful foray, the chivalrous rogue declared that he would yet bestride the gallant black steed.

A month had elapsed since the events I have narrated. . . . The hour was noon, the scene such as I have described. A listless enervation pervaded the camp, occasioned by the extreme heat; for it was now midsummer. Groups of children were amusing themselves, as happier children are wont to do, shaded under the mimic lodges they had erected; their noisy prattling alone disturbing the general stillness. I had been some days expecting the arrival of the "Red Feather," who was again off in a quest of the coveted Black so often mentioned.

. . . . . .

I was anxiously looking out for his arrival, when . . . a cry was raised which betokened an approaching party.

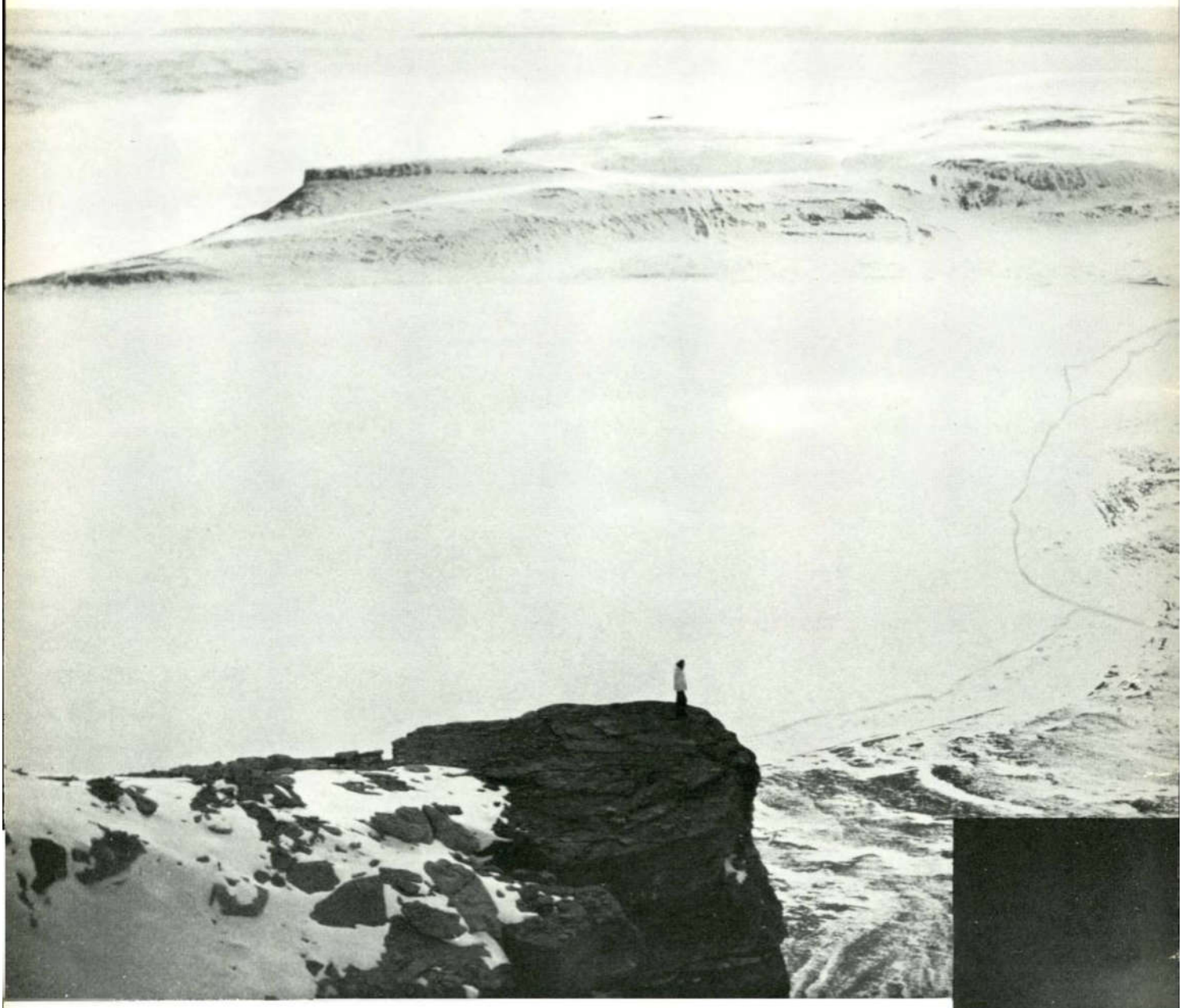
The whole camp was speedily on the outlook to discover the name and quality of their visitors. At first, only a cloud of dust was visible, but presently a single horseman, approaching at a gallop, gave rise to additional conjecture. When he drew near, the son-in-law of "Red Feather" was recognized; but he uttered no cry; his horse was wearied to the last extremity, scarcely could its tottering legs sustain the weight of the body as it galloped painfully towards us. Portentous tidings were doubtless on the eve of reaching us; not a voice was lifted to inquire their tenor, as if every one intuitively anticipated evil. In a few moments, the weary beast came panting up to the lodges, and the tidings of his rider were delivered in a few sad words; leaping hastily to the ground, he only said: " 'Red Feather' is no more, he is gone the way of his fathers!" Then arose the cry of the fatherless and the widow; the wail of the companion and the friend. The silence that had before prevailed was now contrasted by the heart-rendering expressions of mourning uttered on all sides; and the camp, lately so

"The shrill and piercing whoop . . . again set them off with redoubled energy"

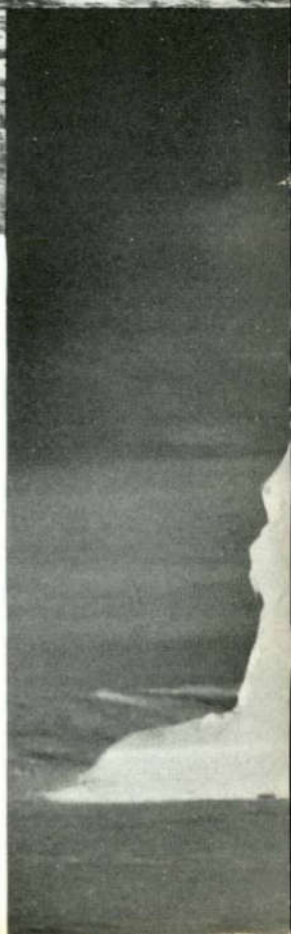
listless and peaceable, resounded with one general wail of grief and lamentation.

The death of the noble chief of the Flathead warriors, according to the account of his surviving companion, was most tragical. The adventurers had reached the precincts of the Blackfeet camp unobserved, and after much skilful manoeuvring had succeeded in securing the envied Black, together with the horse on which the witness had reached his own camp, as they were feeding in open day in a meadow close by the lodges. They had scarcely time to mount their prizes when they were discovered. Giving rein to their steeds they uttered a shout of defiance, and struck in the direction of home, pursued after a short interval by a numerous party of the enemy. But they were safe from pursuit. They had, as they knew, secured the two fleetest runners of the band, and set at nought all the endeavours of their pursuers to overtake them. Prompted by the dictates of their fury, the latter resorted to a common expedient to wreak their vengeance.

The wind, which had till now been scarcely perceptible, began to blow freshly from the river. The "Red Feather," whose horse showed not the least symptom of distress, had reined him up and stopped for some minutes as if in defiance of the enemy. Suddenly the pursuing party stopped, and in a moment a bright blaze gave warning to the "Red Feather" that no time was to be lost; they had set fire to the plain. Driven by the fierce wind, the flame advanced with surprising speed: a broad strip of marly soil destitute of all vegetation lay before them, beyond which the fire could not pass. To reach this was their only chance of safety. The distance was easily accomplished by the narrator, since he was close to the margin when the flames arose; but the "Red Feather" was less fortunate; his act of defiance cost him his life. When in safety himself the Indian turned to ascertain the progress of his father-in-law. He was within a quarter of a mile of the desired haven. The Black strove gallantly to reach it, but all his efforts were useless; the raging element, fed with the dry grass, advanced with the speed of an eagle. A short few moments and all was over. The "Red Feather" lay a blackened corpse among the smoking ashes, his gallant steed beside him! Such was the melancholy end of the boldest warrior of the Flathead tribe, whose renown yet lives among the wild races to whom his name was in days of yore familiar. ◆

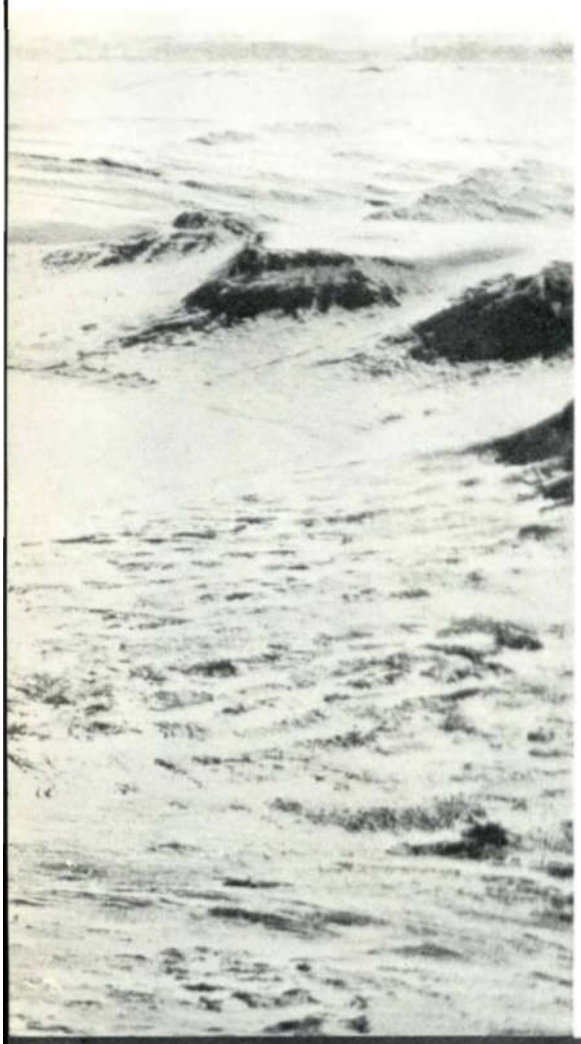


Arctic Bay from King George the Fifth Mountain. The nearer point is about four miles distant, and the farther about fourteen, while the land beyond them, Brodeur Peninsula, is about thirty-five miles away across Admiralty Inlet. Note the sled tracks coming down the hill (just to the right of the fold) passing the settlement on the shore, and crossing the sea ice to the shore closer at hand.



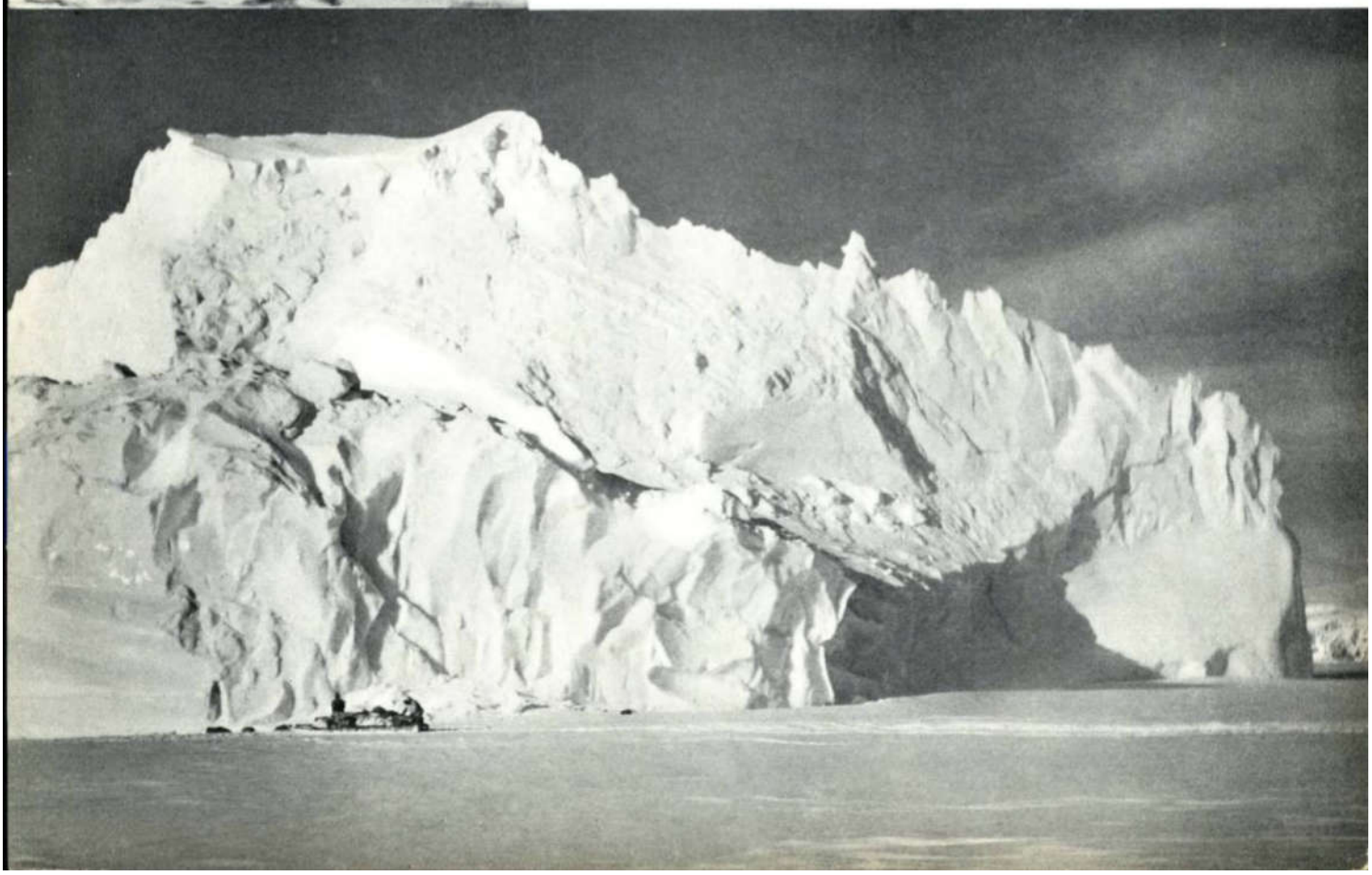
Photographs by

G. M. Rousseliere, O. M. I.



ARCTIC GRANDEUR

An immense iceberg, stranded in Navy Board Inlet, dwarfs the missionary's dog sled, as his Eskimo guides prepare to make camp in its shelter. Despite its impressive bulk, the great mass of ice visible here constitutes only one ninth of the whole berg, the rest of it being hidden beneath the snow-covered sea.



This porcupine has been eating the bark of the cedar tree up which he has taken refuge. Wm. Rotmans

PORCUPINES

by Dan McDonald

A Northern Ontario old-timer tells about some of the curious walking pincushions that he has met with in the forest.

VERY few people who visit the northern woods have failed to see a porcupine, rambling slowly along or sitting on a limb sunning himself in the spring. Not many of them take the trouble to observe him for any length of time, yet he is a very interesting animal, having traits no others possess. He will eat through your window sash or the door of your camp, and once inside he will eat your chairs, floor, or anything else humans have touched, even to the side boards of your bunks. If he wants to get in, there is no way of keeping him out. In summer he will make his home in your camp, gather his family together, and make a mess of it. He often has many friends, and on one occasion I killed six that had taken possession of my camp. I had not visited it for five months, and it was not fit to live in. We first shovelled it out, then washed and scrubbed it, but at the end of two weeks it still smelt strongly of the porkies.

Contrary to the wide-spread impression, they do not hibernate, but are in full possession of their faculties all winter. At the beginning of winter the porcupine walks into the end of a hollow log, or behind a rock that has slipped from the mass leaving a hole behind it, and there he stays until spring, making trips out in suitable weather. His den is easily found, as he walks home on the same trail each time he goes out. Just find his track and follow it, and you will soon get to his den. He never goes far during the snowy season, as he just walks to a nearby tree to feed, and then ambles back. Being poorly clad in comparison with the fur bearing animals, he has little protection from the cold. He never lies down in his den, but stands on his feet all the time.

In winter he acts as a good Samaritan to deer. I have watched him stay in the top of a hemlock all day cutting off small limbs and dropping them to the ground where the deer feed on them. He will repeat this many times until the ground is packed hard with their hoofs. Whether it is intentional or not I never could decide. Certainly he cuts off the limbs, and he never eats the ones that drop. He is fond of small maple, and in the fall will strip the bark completely, leaving a white ghost standing. He attacks all timber except cedar—even gummy pine. Tamarack provides his favorite bark, and he will bother with few other trees if tamarack is to be had. When spring comes he eats grass instead of bark, and can be seen pasturing like a sheep in a small field or open space.

He is easily caught and killed with a stick, and thus provides one of the few sources of food for a man lost in the woods without a gun. This is responsible for the oft repeated statement that porcupines are protected by law, but if we look at the game laws we will find he is not even mentioned, let alone protected.

I have tried to eat them many times, but could not relish the meat. Cooking them in a stew with partridge improves the flavour, but there is plenty of disagreeable taste left.[1] Porkies that live near clover farms make much better eating than those which live in a swamp, particularly a cedar swamp.

The porky makes more sound than any other bush animal. He can cry like a baby, and make sounds like humans do in agony, such as a long drawn out "O-o-oh!" During the mating season he yells in several different tones, and many screeches or yells heard in the bush that are attributed to lynx, wolves, and bears are those of a porcupine. As they are nocturnal they make these sounds

at night; so when you hear a yell in the woods after dark, don't be alarmed—it is almost certain to be a porky.

Though I have spent many hours following their trails in the spring, I have never yet found one of their breeding dens. I either lost the trail or wound up with a male. I have killed old females pasturing in May, with their glands full of milk, but I have not been able to get further. They mate in November, and the young—usually only one to a litter—are born in April and May, weighing 18 to 25 ozs. at birth.[2]

Porcupines are very good climbers, but poor swimmers. Many are drowned in lakes and rivers, but how they enter the water is hard to explain. Some are drowned trying to walk pulpwood that is being driven downstream, but I have also seen them drowned in small quiet lakes.

They cannot throw their quills, but strike with their tails. When attacked they hump into a ball and present a formidable defence, the quills pointing in all directions. The fisher is their worst enemy, and he practically lives on them in winter when other meat cannot be caught or found. The fox kills them occasionally, but not regularly. How they overcome the quills and get to the soft underbelly is a mystery. The bear smacks them on the head with his claws, turns them over and opens the underside. He eats everything except the hide and teeth. When skinning, quills are often found in fox, bear, and fisher, usually lying between the flesh and the hide. In the fisher the quills soften more than in the bear or fox, and almost dissolve after a considerable time—just how long is anybody's guess.

I remember once seeing where a fox had killed a porky. There were about two inches of new snow on the ground, and fresh snow in the bush is like a newspaper to a man on the street. In fact, you have no idea what is going on around you until the snow tells the tale. It was the first tracking snow of the fall. I crossed a fox track and followed it. The footprints turned abruptly and kept on for about 200 yards. Then I noticed the fox had stopped, and a few yards farther on was a dead porcupine.

The porky had just been killed, and its breast partly eaten. Fresh blood and tracks showed how the fox had manoeuvred to get his quarry into position. There were marks in the snow where she had hit him with her tail, and plenty of quills strewn about. Where the kill was made the fox had jumped in front, turned her over and grabbed her breast. The porky did not put up much of a fight. The fox must have pressed close to her belly while he crushed her breast. I had startled the fox, or scared it away. For the first time, he ran, making long jumps, and at each jump the blood dripped from his mouth and hair. There is no telling how many quills he carried with him.

A full grown porcupine is a little smaller than a beaver. When skinned and with its feet cut off it looks very much like a beaver. Their feed is about the same—bark in the fall and grass and roots in the warm months. They both come out to feed in the winter, the beaver under the ice, the porcupine in the trees. Beaver build a house, warm and frost free, while the porky finds an opening and walks

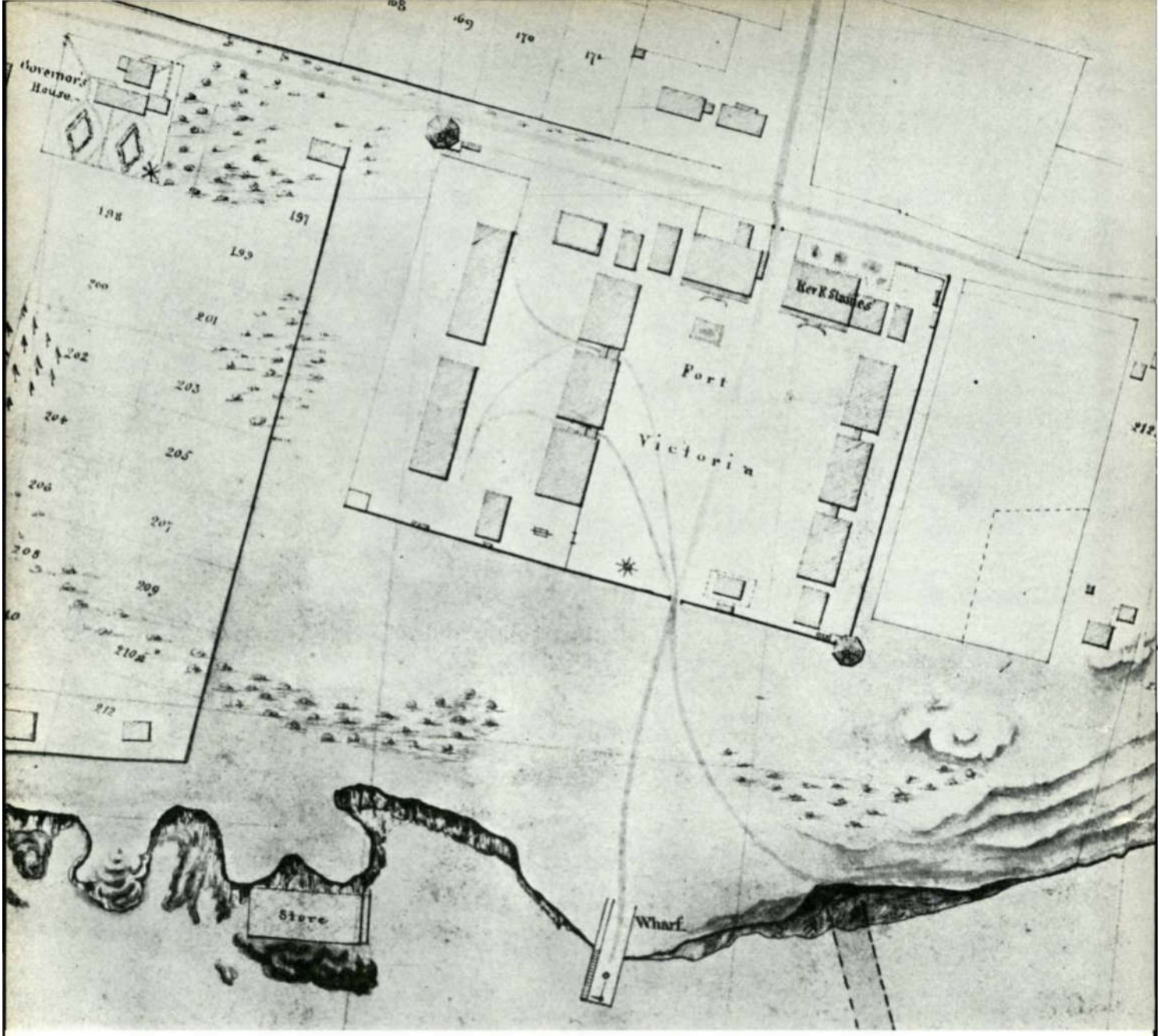
1. Samuel Hearne, on the other hand, thought the flesh of the porcupine "very delicious, and so much esteemed by the Indians, that they think it the greatest luxury that their country affords." To a hungry man it tastes like rabbit.—Ed.
2. For information on the breeding habits of the porcupine, see the *Journal of Wildlife Management*, April 1946, pp. 159-62.—Ed.

When he is not on the defensive the quills lie flat along his hairy back. Wm. Rotmans

in. Their food differs somewhat in the winter, beaver preferring poplar and birches, the porcupine bark and green limbs. The porky is the only southern Canadian animal that has feet like a bear both front and hind.

Except for destroying camps, timber, and boats, the porcupine's greatest harm is to dogs. Some know enough to leave him alone. My spaniels and hounds, whenever they found a porky in the bush, never tried to bite him. Some dogs I hunted would run barking at a porky, but never got close enough to get hurt. On the other hand I have seen a terrier from the city grab a porcupine and get his mouth and neck so full of quills that his black head looked white. After that he didn't want to eat a thing, and on the third day he died. Many valuable dogs die or have to be killed after an encounter with a porcupine. ◆

Alarmed and at bay, the porky raises his quills to warn off any would-be attacker. Ted Tadda



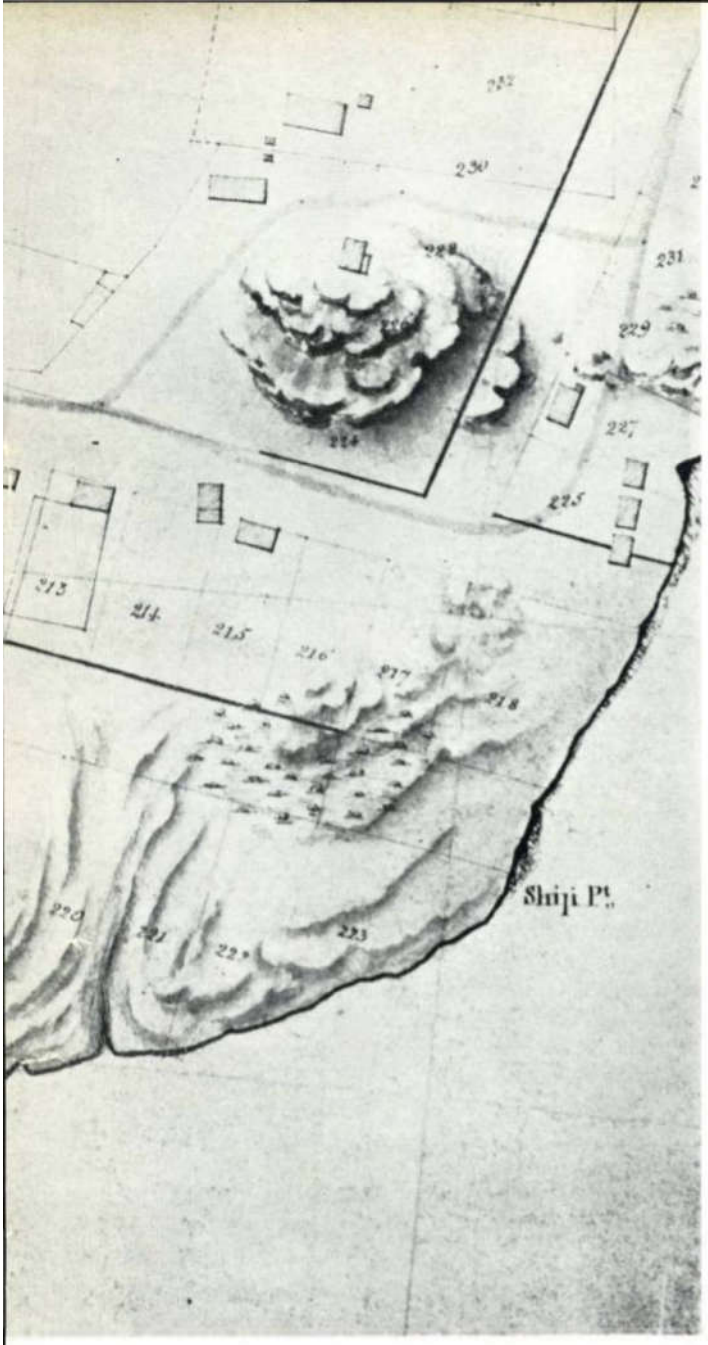
Part of a large plan of the Town of Victoria in the 1850's, showing the Staines school in the upper right hand corner of the fort. Governor Douglas's house is in the upper left hand corner of the map.

WHAT was it like to be a child in fur-trading days? What sort of life did a boy lead in a Hudson's Bay fort? A good deal of light is shed on these questions by a child's eye view of Fort Victoria which emerges from the memoirs of Robert James Anderson, written in 1920 when Mr. Anderson was 79 and now (through the courtesy of his nephew, H. H. C. Anderson) available in transcription at the B.C. Archives in Victoria.

Robert James Anderson, known in his boyhood as Jimmy, was the son of Alexander Caulfield Anderson, a chief trader stationed, in 1850, at Fort Colvile on the Columbia. The first school in British Columbia had been opened in the summer of 1849—a school for the children of H B C officers presided over by Rev. R. J. Staines, the chaplain, and his wife. To this school Mr. Anderson decided to send Jimmy, who was nine, and Eliza who was twelve. Seven younger children remained at home in Colvile with Mrs. Anderson.

Jimmy and Eliza accompanied their father when he led the Fort Colvile brigade to Fort Langley in the early summer of 1850. James says they left Fort Colvile early in June, and a note in Sir James Douglas' diary for July 27, 1850, says, "Express from Fort Langley. Brigade arrived safely."

Chief Factor Douglas sailed from Victoria in the *Cadboro* to meet the Colvile and Caledonia brigades at Fort Langley, near the Fraser's mouth. Chief Trader Paul Fraser of Caledonia had also brought two of his children to attend



H B C Archives.

the new school. The two fathers surrendered their children to the care of Douglas and set out on the long return journey to their posts.

As the Fraser children spoke only French, and the Anderson children only English, acquaintance had to be postponed. After tearful farewells, the young Frasers set sail in the *Cadboro*, but Chief Factor Douglas and the Andersons set out in dugout canoes paddled by wildly chanting Indians, across the strait of Georgia. Eliza and Mr. Douglas shared one canoe, Jimmy was in another.

They arrived at Fort Victoria on the morning of the fourth day. Says Mr. Anderson, "I was hoisted on the shoulders of a stalwart Kanaka and deposited at Mr. Douglas' house where we found the family assembled."

SCHOOLBOY AT FORT VICTORIA

by Mary Elizabeth Colman

Jimmy and Eliza spent some days with the Douglas family, and Cecilia and Jane Douglas cast critical eyes on the wardrobes of these children from the backwoods. "What funny looking guys we must have been, in our odd make-shift costumes," writes Mr. Anderson, "When my sister appeared on the scene, she was costumed in a print gown, which, as nearly as I can remember, was made like a bag with holes for the head and arms and tied around the waist, moccasins and a poke bonnet like a coal scuttle. These were all pronounced by the Douglas girls quite out of fashion and a gown, or, as we were told to call it, a dress, was made, with a point in front and a small straw bonnet obtained from the Sale Shop. My suit of leather shirt and trousers, cloth cap with a peak and moccasins were not considered so unfashionable, but the shirt was changed for a moleskin blouse belted below the waist and decorated with white buttons like saucers. This was the costume which was considered *de rigueur* for the boys."

After a few days as guests with the Douglas family, Jimmy and Eliza moved to the boarding school. The boys slept in a dormitory which was the garret of the building housing both the school and the bachelors of the Fort, and where Mr. and Mrs. Staines had their own private quarters. The garret was unlined, and the slits where the roof joined the wall provided ample ventilation in all weathers and served also as a runway for the numerous rats which infested the building.

Mr. Staines offered a bounty of a shilling a dozen for dead rats, but as the boys had no traps the shilling was rarely earned. Jimmy, however, killed at least one rat. He had hidden a bit of bread under his pillow in case he woke hungry in the night, and the bold rat ventured right into his bed to get it. Resourceful Jimmy wrapped his arm in his blanket and managed to kill the rat against the edge of his bunk.

The boys' bunks were not designed to encourage sloth: the bare boards, covered with an Indian mat and a blanket, and a second blanket as a covering were considered quite sufficient. A single bowl and jug comprised their washing facilities. In cold weather the water in the jug was quite likely to be frozen: under such circumstances the boys felt under no obligation to wash, and simply waited as many days or weeks as need be until the weather moderated. Baths were a luxury indulged in only in summer when it was warm enough to swim in the harbour.

The *Beaver* off Fort Victoria. From the *Illustrated London News* of August 26, 1848.

Energetic Mrs. Staines really kept the school going. "I can see her now in my mind's eye," writes Mr. Anderson, "with a row of curls down each side of her angular face; by no means unprepossessing, however, spare figure, clad in black, a lady undoubtedly, and when walking out holding her skirts on each side and ordering the girls to follow her example."

Mrs. Staines was a severe teacher. It was her custom to examine new pupils as to their proficiency in reading, writing, arithmetic and other accomplishments. She had small opinion of James as a student. In a letter to his father she characterized him as "incorrigibly idle."

Mr. Anderson describes Mr. Staines as being of uncertain temper and "disposed at times to be unduly severe in administering corporal punishment, but a delightful companion" outside the class-room. "I can even at this distant day recall many lessons imparted to me in the field and which have influenced my after life. He was endowed with qualities calculated to win respect and even love of those who were *en rapport* with him."

He often took the boys out on excursions when he would talk most interestingly on the wild animal and plant life they saw. One of the most memorable of these excursions was a trip of exploration through the Gorge as far as what is now known as Portage Inlet. Mr. Staines hired a large canoe with a full crew of Indians and set off with all the boys of the school bright and early one summer morning. They went up the Arm, through the Gorge, spanned at that time by two logs for a foot bridge, to the head of the Arm. There was not a sign of civilization beyond the rude bridge "not a boat or a canoe to be seen, not a sound but the measured beat of the paddles accompanied by the wild canoe songs of the natives disturbed the stillness of the primeval forest which fringed the shores, and we drank in the beauties of nature in wonderment."

The exploration took all day, and by the time the canoes reached the Gorge on the return journey it was night, and the tide was running swiftly. Mr. Staines and the boys landed and the Indian crew, with blood curdling yells accompanied by a wild song made a dash to get through. The first attempt was unsuccessful and "under instructions of the steersman with if possible still more lurid yells they again made the attempt"—and this time they got through.

A shore fire had been lit. The boys stood watching the half-naked crew with their painted faces, and the boiling waters of the Gorge in the light of the flames, and listening to the savage yells as they worked mightily to paddle the canoe through the surging waters: it was an unforgettable experience, as vivid to the old man of seventy-nine as it had been to the boy of nine.

When the explorers got back to the fort it was late at night, the doors were locked and the night watchman, a Kanaka, on duty. He had to be firmly convinced that these weary stumbling creatures were really the Chaplain and the school boys before he would let them in, and then only the small door in the great gate was opened to admit them one by one.

As dear to Mr. Staines as exploration, but detested by the boys, was gardening. The fort garden was "redolent with the perfume of mignonette, stock and wallflower and gay with escholtsia, mallow, hollyhock, marigold, candytuft, sweet William and others of the old-fashioned flowers. These," continues Mr. Anderson, "were in my fond belief, the only cultivated flowers known."

But though the boys had only to enjoy the flower garden, they had to weed and hoe in Mr. Staines' vegetable garden. There the Chaplain grew peas, turnips, carrots, cabbage, potatoes and onions. Mr. Anderson says that these were the only vegetables grown at the fort—but he has forgotten Mrs. Douglas' lettuce, a luxury Mrs. Staines greatly envied.

The only cultivated fruit was the gooseberry. But Capt. W. H. McNeill, at that time in command of the brigantine *Mary Dare*, trading out of Victoria and Honolulu, brought oranges for the children, and they thought they had never tasted anything so delicious.

Across the harbour from Fort Victoria was the Indian village, and of course the schoolboys found endless interest and entertainment there. Their favorite game, reports Mr. Anderson, was to fight with the Indian boys. Though the

white boys knew little of boxing, the Indian boys knew less, and the fights usually ended in the flight of the red savage, howling, while the little white savage crowed his victory.

In the Indian village were a great many of the small white woolly Indian dogs which have since become extinct. The Indians sheared the dogs and spun their wool into thread of which blankets were woven. Sometimes the dogs ventured into the fort and worried the hens kept by Mrs. Finlayson and Mrs. Douglas; then the boys set on the unfortunate animals, stoning them, and sometimes even killing them.

Life in the fort proceeded to the clanging of the bell that hung in a belfry in the centre of the yard and was rung for rising, for meals, for work, and on Sunday for church service. Every time the bell rang it was accompanied by the shrill barking of all the dogs in the Indian village.

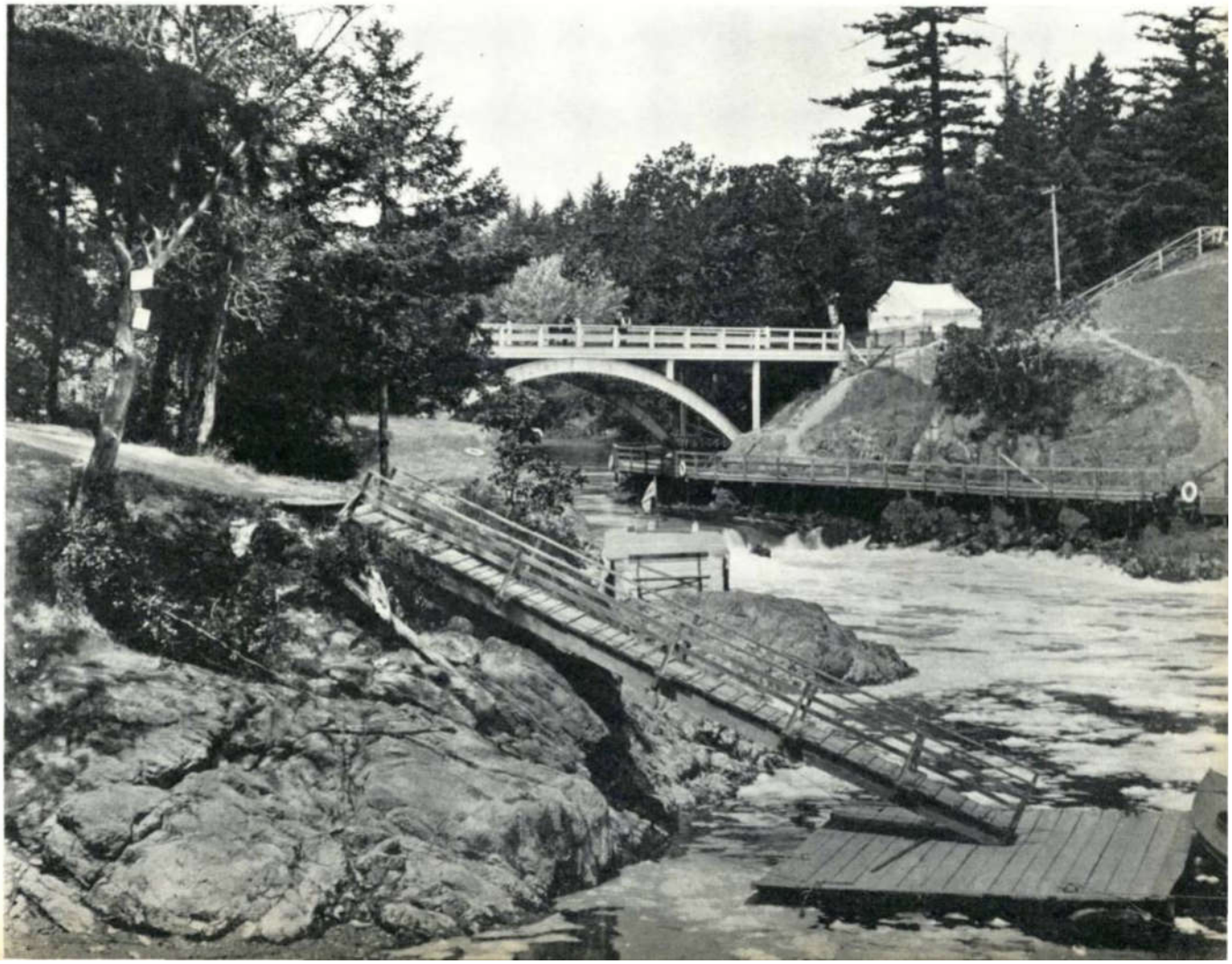
Whenever a medicine man was initiated, or some other strange ceremony took place among the Indians, the boys managed to be on hand to watch the proceedings. Afterwards they would imitate what they had seen and make a mock of it. In spite of this they went among the Indians without fear and with complete impunity. Mr. Anderson makes a special point of the fact that in his experience the epithets of "treacherous, vindictive and murderous" so often applied to the Indians of those days were not deserved.

The chief of the local tribe at that time, Chee-ah-thluk, was popularly known as "Freezy"—an adaptation of the French word *frizer*, to curl, in reference to the chief's mop of frizzled hair, an inheritance from his Kanaka father. Mr. Anderson says, "He was a peaceable old chap and lived in amity with the whites during his lengthy reign. Like all natives he liked rum and led the simple life. If he wanted a salmon he had to catch it like any of his subjects, and as for clams, it was the duty of the Queen to dig them up."

The stringent rule of the H B C against private trading with the Indians was somewhat relaxed as far as the boys were concerned, or perhaps they just got around it. In any case, it was their greatest delight to trade a scarf or handkerchief for a string of dried clams, a salmon or a few herrings or sallal cakes, and to have a feast on the seashore where they would start a fire with flint and steel and add to their feast potatoes stolen from the fort garden and roasted in the ashes.

Grouse were plentiful and tame in 1850, and the boys sometimes managed to bring one down with stones. By some means they obtained an old flintlock musket with which they hunted grouse and pigeon at Beacon Hill. Ammunition they obtained surreptitiously from some of the men at the fort. Sometimes the lock of the musket was out of kilter, and sometimes the boys had no flint; in that case they had recourse to a "port fire"—that is one of the

The Gorge, Victoria, where the boys of the Staines school went on a picnic in a war canoe with a crew of painted Indians.



boys held the musket while another applied fire to the powder in the open pan! Amazingly none of them seem to have got hurt.

The boys of old Fort Victoria were as ingenious in making their own fun as boys always are. The only game equipment they had was a cricket set given them by the eccentric Captain W. Colquhoun Grant, the Islands' only independent settler. For the rest they made marbles out of clay, and many were the devices employed to get the marbles fired without cracking. Soap, which they undoubtedly had to filch from the kitchen, was believed to turn the trick. For "rounders"—baseball to us—and shinney they made their own balls of dressed hide stuffed with hair from the Indian dogs.

Among the occasional outings Mr. Anderson recalls, two stand out as glorious above all others: an excursion in the Straits on the *Beaver* and the entertainments given while Admiral Fairfax Moresby was in port on his flagship H.M.S. *Portland*.

Jimmy's first experience of a steamer was when the *Beaver* on her return from one of her periodical trips north, came to anchor "in all the glory of bunting, Captain Dodd, first and second officers, quartermaster and the Lord knows how many of a crew besides." Captain Dodd invited the entire school, all twenty-two pupils, for an excursion in the Straits.

The *Beaver's* boats took pupils and teachers to the ship, and they climbed aboard by way of the ship's ladder. The children were allowed to examine everything about "this marine monster" to their hearts' content, and the hissing of the steam, the whistling of the Boatswain, the heaving of the anchor, the Captain on the bridge giving orders, not less than the day's excursion made the occasion one never to be forgotten.

Jimmy Anderson, the schoolboy, with his sister Agnes and uncle William Anderson. B.C. Archives.

But as far as the glory of the *Portland* exceeded the glory of the *Beaver*, so far did the entertainments in connection with the visit of the flagship to Esquimalt and the entertainments given then exceed the wonders of the trip on the old paddle wheeler.

To begin with, Mr. Staines, who never did anything on a small scale where his school was concerned, hired a large canoe from the Indian village and accompanied by all the boys paid his respects to the Admiral, presenting him with a large bouquet of wallflowers from his garden.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Douglas gave a great party in honour of Admiral Fairfax Moresby and his officers at Beacon Hill under the oak and fir trees. Says Mr. Anderson, "On that occasion I witnessed the lavish hospitality in the dispensation of wines and spirits for which the Company was so justly celebrated."

Admiral Moresby reciprocated a few days later by issuing invitations for an "at home" on board H.M.S. *Portland*; the children of the school were included in the invitation, and excitement was intense.

When the great day arrived the guests were taken in the *Portland's* boats from the jetty in Victoria to Esquimalt. On board the entertainment included not only refreshments, but a full band and dancing.

In spite of Latin, and forced labour in Mr. Staines' garden, they led a fine free life all week. But on Sunday . . . "Sunday at the Staines' school," says Mr. Anderson, "is to this day a day of terror to me. After morning prayers we had breakfast—bread and treacle without milk. Church at eleven in the mess hall, a dreary afternoon learning the collects, and then afternoon service. The only redeeming feature of Sunday was the evening spent in the Staines' private apartment when we would be regaled with one sweet after each prayer."

One of the boys' greatest delights was to feast their eyes on "the sumptuous suppers enjoyed by the bachelors who had quarters immediately under" their dormitory. The boys managed to raise a board in the flooring which formed the ceiling of the room below. They would lie in a row on the floor, all peering at the men below feasting on oysters, sherry, port and brandy in abundance. It is strange, thinks Mr. Anderson, that the bachelors never noticed the row of bright hungry eyes fixed on them from above. He does not mention it, but Dr. Helmcken—one of the oblivious bachelors—recounts how on one occasion at least, the boys poured water through the crack on the heads of the men below: the sight of that banquet of Barcimedes just got to be too much for them.

The mischievous schoolboy of 1850 developed into the serious man of affairs who, after some years spent in the Post Office and Customs Departments of the Colonial government, organized the Department of Agriculture in British Columbia during the J. H. Turner ministry when he became the first Deputy Minister of Agriculture. ◆

A whaling ship tied up to the shore ice while she trades with Eskimos in the Western Arctic. C. T. Pedersen.

THE RUNAWAY SAILORS

by C. T. Pedersen

Two seamen desert from a whaling ship and set out for the Yukon gold fields. But their attempt ends in tragedy.

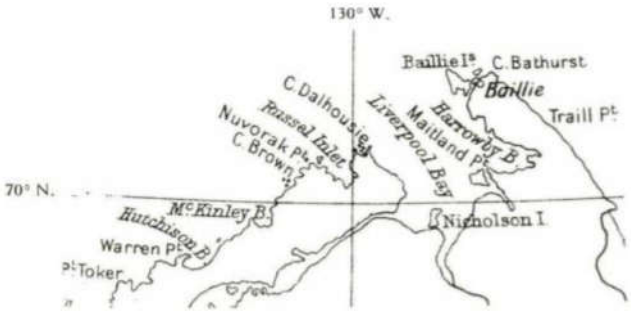
IT happened at the time of the Yukon gold rush when three San Francisco whaling steamers were wintering at Baillie Island, about 200 miles east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River. This was in the winter of 1899-1900 and the three ships were the steam barque *Narwhal* commanded by Captain Bob Cumiskey, the steam schooner *Newport* commanded by Captain George B. Leavitt, and the steam barque *Fearless*, owned and commanded by Captain James McKenna.

Many of the sailors on these ships had the "gold fever" and looked longingly on some small maps of the Northwest and Yukon Territories. They had no idea of the slow and hazardous travel through the timber country where the snow is usually very soft and deep, and there are many mountain ranges to cross.

I was a boatsteerer (harpooneer) in the *Fearless* and had volunteered to haul meat and fish for our forty-six man crew during the winter months, with a dog team. I made ten separate trips taking a total of 152 days and nights away from the ship. This included a trip through the timber country to Fort McPherson on the Peel River with the outgoing mail from the above ships and also from the whaling steamer *Baleena* (Captain Williams) wintering at Langton Bay, approximately 100 miles eastward of Baillie Island.

On the mail trip I arrived at Fort McPherson February 15 and enjoyed visiting for a few days with John Firth, the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at that settlement. Upon my return to Baillie Island the first of March, bringing the much longed for mail from outside, everyone greeted me with the question, "Did you meet the two runaways?"

I was told that originally eight men had planned to run away, including two sailors from the *Fearless*. However, they had all backed out except Jackson and McKay from the *Narwhal* and these two had sneaked away one night. When they were missed on the ship the following morning, it was found that three of the ship's sleigh dogs were missing, and a hand sled. A 45-70 rifle and some cartridges had also been taken. One of our sailors informed me that these runaways had planned to waylay me on my way back from Fort McPherson, and intended to shoot me if I did not give up my dog team and outfit willingly. Fortun-



ately for me they missed me. I had let Mr. Firth have my only rifle, so would not have been able to defend myself.

About the first thing Captain McKenna told me upon my return was that our ship was getting very low on fresh meat. As some Kogmolik Eskimos had visited Baillie Island shortly before my return, and reported many caribou killed some distance back of Warren Point, I began preparations for a trip to that point the following morning. As I was taking thirteen fresh dogs and a large sled, I had to make new dog harness, also gather up a sled load of trade goods with which to buy meat and furs. Mangneak, a Kotzebue Sound Eskimo was my helper on this trip, and after only three days at the ship we started out for Warren Point with both of us in harness helping the dogs; but our progress was slow with such a heavy load. We headed straight across Liverpool Bay as there was no danger of the ice breaking loose in offshore winds, being well anchored by ground ice.

We camped half way across the 30-mile-wide bay that night. The following afternoon we caught up with some Kogmolik families travelling in the same direction, and we all camped just west of Cape Dalhousie. The third day found us making better time as we had lightened our load considerably by supplying the Kogmoliks with provisions. When they camped out on Russel Inlet late that afternoon, I decided to go on to Cape Brown five miles away so as to get driftwood for our camp stove.

It was after sundown when we reached Cape Brown, and I instructed Mangneak to unlash the sled cover and start putting up the willow tent sticks, while I went looking for driftwood about 150 feet away. I then noticed the top of three old snowhouses protruding above the snow drifts, the centre one with only a foot or two showing. There was a two foot stick with a red bandana handkerchief tied to it in the top of this snowhouse. I also noticed the rear end of a hand sleigh sticking up out of the snow drift nearby. It struck me as I walked over to it, that this sled must have belonged to the runaway sailors. My next move was to walk up on top of the snowhouse.

As I stooped and pulled out the handkerchief stick, a man yelled from inside, followed by a rifle shot, sending up a spurt of snow. The bullet must have passed within an inch of my right cheek as it felt like a light slap on my face. I knew instantly that I had met the runaways, but I took time to stick their distress signal back in the hole. Then I made a run for our sled to get my rifle. Another shot was fired from the snowhouse when I was only about ten feet from it, with two more shots as we were getting our sled under way. The dogs were still in harness so we moved immediately.

I stopped our sled when we were a couple hundred yards from the snowhouse and we waited behind it, expecting the sailors to come out. It was several minutes before one of the men came out of the snowhouse. We could see only the upper part of his body as there was a bank of snow in front of him. He yelled "Kow-kow" (food) several times, thinking it was an Eskimo sled, and said he was hungry. He dodged down often which made me think he was talking to his partner. I put some food in an empty flour sack, and started towards the man with this in one hand and my rifle in the other, but Mangneak got hold of the back of my parka and almost cried and said, "What will I do if they shoot you?"

Knowing how they had planned to hold me up on my mail trip, I decided not to take a chance, as this might be a trap. I had already had such a close shave with one bullet, and I would get it from Captain McKenna if I lost my dog team and outfit, so decided to go back to the ship for help. It was twilight at the time, so I held up the sack and yelled that I was leaving food on the ice for them.

We started back for the Kogmolik camp where we arrived after dark. I told Mangneak that I would leave him and my outfit with the Kogmoliks and go back to Baillie Island for help to capture the runaways. The Kogmoliks were badly frightened, and stood watch with rifles all night. They said that they would remain there until I returned from the ships.

Before daylight the following morning, I started for the ships and with thirteen dogs pulling the empty sled made fast time. I had borrowed an eight year old Kogmolik boy to sit on the sled and crack the whip at the dogs. Every hour, on the hour, the boy would give me a spell for five minutes while I sat on the sled to light my pipe, but he could not keep ahead of the dogs. Arriving at our old camp site fifteen miles from the ship, I gave the dogs a bite to eat, and made some coffee for ourselves. The one and a half hour rest did all of us good.

We arrived at Baillie Island shortly after supper. It had been a hard day for me to keep well ahead of the dogs for over fifty miles, and with only about two hours sleep the night before. We did not have any lead dogs in those days, and the dogs would not move unless a person walked or ran ahead of them.

The three Captains were playing cards in our dining-room when I arrived, and Captain McKenna scolded me for coming back for help. I said that the two runaway sailors must be in trouble, but Captain Cumiskey spoke up and said he certainly wasn't going to send after them. I replied that it didn't make any difference to me, that I would start back in the morning, and would by-pass Cape Brown and get a load of meat at Warren Point.

While hitching up my dog team the following morning, Captain Cumiskey sent word for me to wait a day and he would send some men along. These men had not been off the ship all winter and were not in shape to travel, so they

rode on my sled all the way to Cape Brown. They were Tom West, fifth mate; Jim Allen, fireman; and Jim Hill, boatsteerer. They also had along a husky looking Kogmolik, but he was sick, so he rode on their sled all the way except a few minutes shortly after we left the ship, when he gave me a short spell ahead of my team.

It took us over one and a half days to reach the Kogmolik camp on Russel Inlet. The men were so stiff and sore after the first day's travel that it was hard to get them started the second morning. The weather was mild when we reached the camp and snowing so hard that visibility was almost nil, so we decided to wait until morning before proceeding to Cape Brown. The weather cleared in the night and turned cold again. We broke camp at daylight and headed for Cape Brown.

Mr. West took charge because the men were from his ship. We placed the Kogmoliks with rifles at various points within shooting distance of the snowhouse. Then Mr. West shouted for the men to leave their rifle behind and come out, but there was no answer. We all shouted together, but still no reply, so I said, "I think I can get an answer out of them." I fired a bullet through the stick with the handkerchief on it, and we heard someone speak, very faintly. Mr. West repeated the orders to leave their rifle behind and come out. Again we heard someone's voice, saying that he could not come out because Jackson was dead and lying on top of him.

We felt that there was no danger, so we dug down into the snow bank and cut a large hole in the side of the snowhouse about three feet above the floor level. I will never forget that gruesome sight. There was the body of Jackson with blood on his face and his head resting on a blood smeared sack of flour. He had been dead for some time. Poor McKay's body had melted the snow under him so he was sunk at least two feet below the floor level. The skin and head of a dog were on the snow floor, and pieces of dog meat scattered about.

With so many helping hands we had my tent up in a few minutes and the stove going. McKay was nothing but skin and bones, so we placed him in a blanket and carried him into my tent. We made some tea and gave him a couple of spoonsful while some broth was heating. We did not dare give him more than two or three tablespoons of this either, as he had not tasted food for many days. He begged for more and said that he had never tasted anything so good in his life.

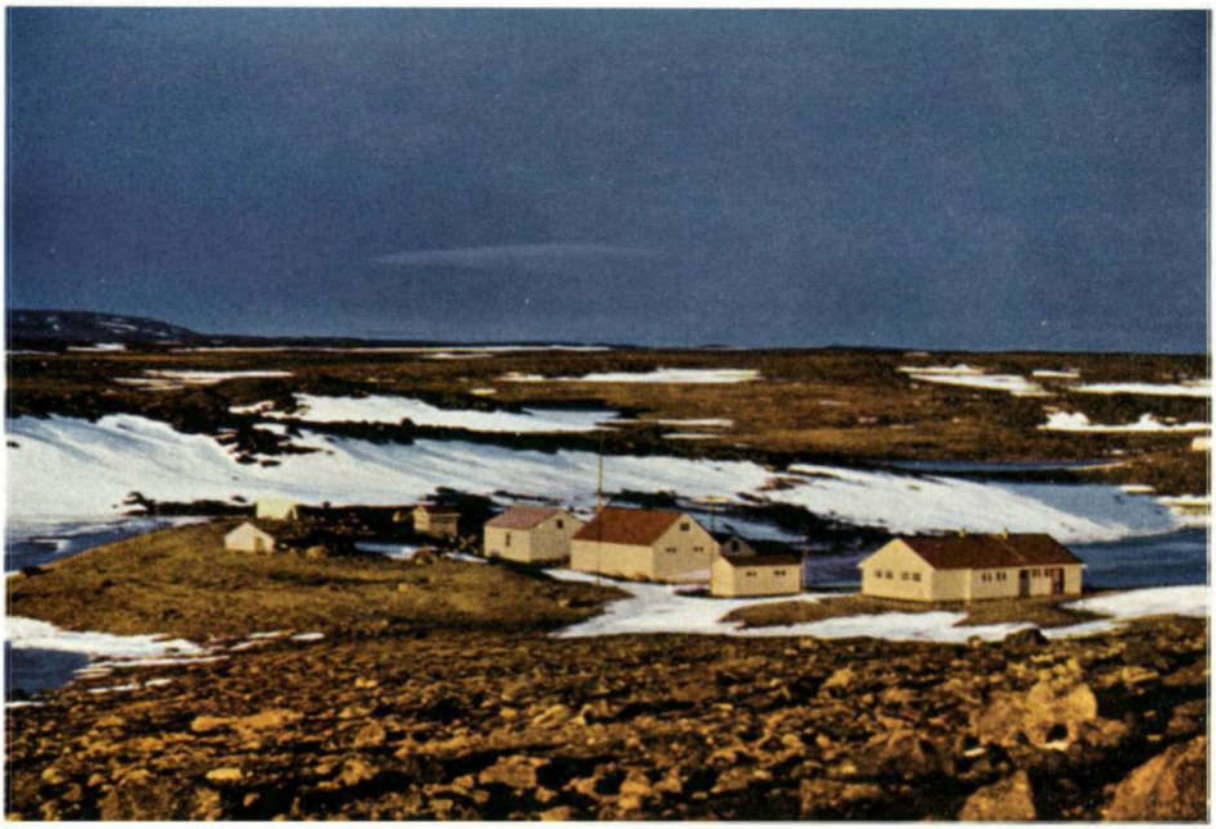
Gradually his story came out. He had frozen one foot the first night out from the *Narwhal* and begged Jackson to turn back, but Jackson said that he would never go back alive. Being unable to walk, McKay had to ride on the sled and helped along with his good foot; but he froze this foot also a few days later.

After crossing Liverpool Bay by following my old sleigh tracks, they ran into stormy weather and were lost on the tundra for several days. While wandering around in circles, they fortunately ran across an old sled trail which they followed and fetched up at Cape Brown where they moved into the best looking snowhouse. McKay again pleaded with Jackson to return to the *Narwhal* for help, but to no avail. They had no food except a sack of flour, and no way of cooking that. They tried once to make flour soup in a tin plate over a small fire inside, but the smoke blinded them, so they gave it up.

Jackson finally wanted to go back to the ship for help to save McKay, but was too weak to dig the sled out of the snow drift. One of the two remaining dogs got loose and ran away. They had lost one dog on the tundra. Jackson crawled back into the snowhouse taking the last dog with him. They decided to kill the dog for food, and they both drank the warm blood. The dog meat froze solid, and they became too weak to cut it up, but they kept on eating snow.

Poor McKay gave up all hope of rescue after I left him the first evening. He read his Bible and prepared to die. When I asked him why he fired his rifle through the top of the snowhouse, he replied that he thought it was a polar bear, but the last two shots were fired to call me back after he heard our dog bells. He knew that he was in his last sleep if we had not rescued him. He woke up when my bullet hit their distress signal and dropped some snow on his face. He soon picked up strength after getting back to the ship, but Captain Leavitt had to amputate all of one foot and half of the other foot. He thanked me profusely for saving his life, and said that all the gold in the world could not have made him run away from the *Narwhal* if he had known what a terrible ordeal he would have to pass through. ◆

Captain and Mrs. C. T. Pedersen in Alaska, 1920.

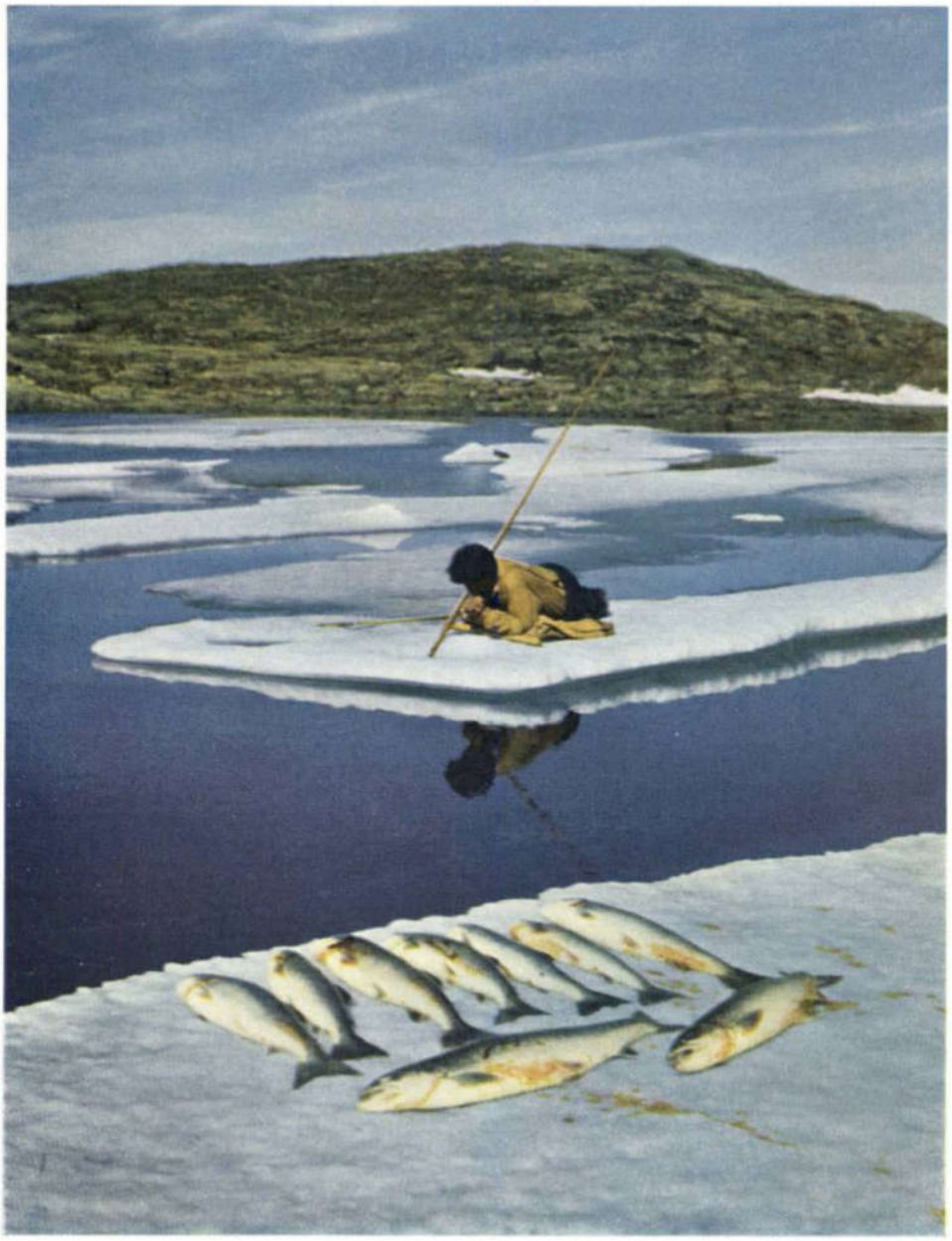


Spence Bay Post and its rocky surroundings glow in the long rays of the midnight sun.

THE BARREN LAND

Photographs from Latitude 70° North

by Richard Harrington



In the sunshine of high noon, as Eskimo spears Arctic char through a hole in an ice pan.

White fox pelts, chief source of Arctic wealth, surround this native like a huge cape.

Among the moss-grown rocks, these clumps of saxifrage brighten the southward slopes.

H B C TRADE GUNS

by S. J. Gooding

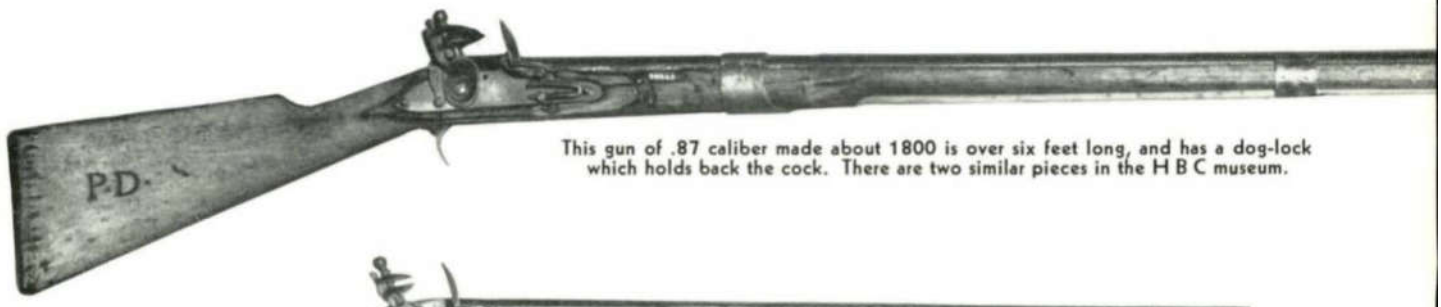
THE history of the Hudson's Bay Co. has been so closely linked with firearms, that it is amazing so little has been done to connect the two. In writing this article I have brought together all of the information which I can collect at this time. Undoubtedly more such firearms will come to light at a later date, and it is hoped that a complete story may be pieced together from these and from documentary information. It is in this manner that eventually all of the facts may be brought together, to form an article of value to collectors and historians.

Arms associated with the Company may be divided into two classes: Firearms made for the employees' use; and firearms made expressly for the Indians and the Indian trade. It is this latter group with which this article deals.

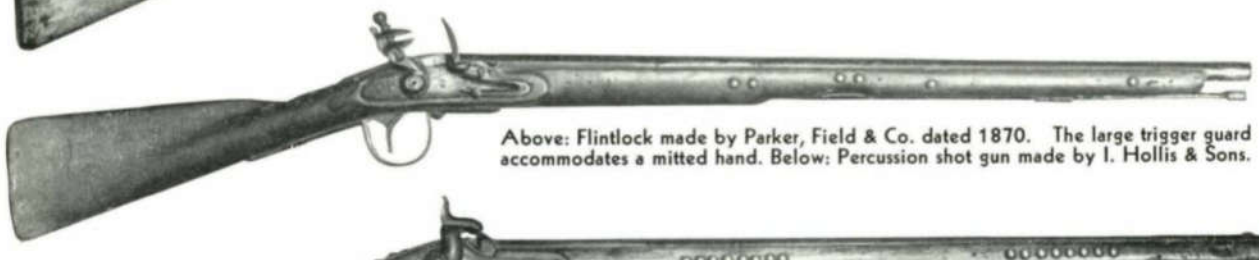
In this class there are only four types of weapon known to exist to-day which may be classed authentically as H B C trade guns. The earliest of these of the period 1770-1870, illustrated here, is a dog-lock, smoothbore gun of .87 caliber (6 gauge). This alteration of the flint lock ignition was introduced about 1620 and went out of style in the civilized countries, early in the 18th century. When it was introduced as a trade article cannot definitely be stated, but it went off the list of trade goods in the first quarter of the 19th century. The reason for its adoption was the fact that it was one of the most serviceable guns ever made up to that time.

The cock is strong enough so that it would not be broken in normal use. The same is true of the mainspring; very rarely indeed would it need replacing. The most common fault of a flintlock is that the half-cock notch frequently wears away. With a gun of this type, the notch is entirely eliminated by the use of the dog or catch which holds the cock in a safe position. This gun is quite common, and all the examples have practically the same dimensions, .87 caliber; barrel length 56½ inches; overall length 73¾ inches. All have a full length stock with no trigger guard. The barrel is fastened to the stock with a bolt passing through the tang and by three barrel bands of sheet metal, usually copper or brass. Only two of the many I have seen have had any markings to indicate the country or city of origin. One is marked *B. E. Mister* on the lock plate but has no other markings. What the "Mister" means, and where the maker worked, are questions which only time and research will answer. The other piece is not signed, but is stamped with the Birmingham proof marks which were in use about 1800.

Another gun made and sold at the same time as No. 1 has recently come to my attention, but has been changed from its original condition so much that it does not warrant a photograph. It started out as a flintlock, smoothbore of .62 caliber (20 gauge) with a maple full stock. The lock of rather small dimensions (1 inch wide, 6 inches long) is marked *Wheeler* at the rear of the cock and has stamped under the pan (Mark 1) a fox seated on a bar, and facing toward the right. Stamped on the barrel is the mark (Mark 2) of Robert Wheeler, Birmingham, England (1770-1820). The description of this gun is as follows; overall length 52 inches; barrel length 37 inches, the rear 8 inches of which is of octagon shape, the remainder, round; short, square tang; small brass bead front sight; no rear sight; large, iron trigger guard (similar to that on illustration No. 2), and a butt plate of brass.



This gun of .87 caliber made about 1800 is over six feet long, and has a dog-lock which holds back the cock. There are two similar pieces in the H B C museum.



Above: Flintlock made by Parker, Field & Co. dated 1870. The large trigger guard accommodates a mitted hand. Below: Percussion shot gun made by I. Hollis & Sons.

The other two illustrations show the remaining H B C trade guns. They are essentially of the same design, except for the different methods of igniting the charge of powder.

The gun shown in the second picture would be very unusual if it were not for the fact that it is a trade gun. Flintlock ignition went slowly out of common use after the first decade of the 19th century and by 1850, was almost obsolete. But the one illustrated here is dated 1870. This gun is a smoothbore of .56 caliber (24 gauge). The 30-inch barrel is divided—the rear 6 inches octagon, the remaining 24 inches round and has an overall length of 44 inches. One feature which instantly identifies this gun is the large, iron trigger guard. The reason for this is to allow a heavily mitted hand to be used to discharge it.

The lock in the third picture is from the British military rifle, model 1853. When this weapon was superseded by the Snider in 1867 and later by the Martini in 1871, large numbers of surplus locks were offered for sale. These locks were purchased by gunsmiths who made barrels and stocks, and assembled them for the H B C. The description of this gun would be identical with that of No. 2 except for the lock and the overall length of 46 inches with a barrel of 31 inches.

Both of these types are usually marked with two H B C trade marks. One is the counter lock plate in the form of a dragon with a very pronounced circle near the tail (Mark 3). The second mark, stamped on the lock or the barrel or both, is a fox, seated, facing left (similar to the Company's crest), and surmounting the intials "E. B." (Mark 4).

I have described what are definitely H B C trade guns, but they cover only a comparatively short period in the history of the Company. The years around 1770, 1800, and 1870 are quite adequately represented in these four guns. But what types of weapons were sold to the Indians in the first one hundred years of the Company's existence? We can only guess the answer to this question.

There is in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, what is obviously a trade gun, and there is a slight possibility that it was sold by the H B C. This weapon is a flintlock

of a design which dates it as having been made between 1670 and 1700. The lock is not complete, but is sufficiently so to give it this date, with the probability that the gun was made closer to 1700 than 1670. The original cock has been replaced by one dating about 1800. The frizzen is missing but the lock is otherwise complete. The pan, which is not integral with the plate, is of a square shape, and does not have a supporting arm to reinforce the frizzen. The action is supported with a bridle. The barrel is 55½ inches long and is fastened to the full length stock by a bolt passing through the tang and by three pins through the forearm. The gun is 71 inches overall and is .68 caliber (14 gauge). The small flat trigger guard and butt plate are made of brass. Where this gun was made, I cannot say.

The brass dragon, one of the distinguishing marks of H B C trade guns.

From its lines it was probably in England, but there is the possibility that it is of Dutch or French origin. If a sufficiently large number of guns from the same period as this were found, it would be possible to make a comparison, but until such time we can only assume that it is a trade gun brought to this country by the H B C.

If you are looking for a trade gun, do not look for an ordinary shotgun of the types just described. The illustrations show only those which are in nearly the same condition as they were when sold to the Indians. When the proud "bucks" finally arrived home with their new guns, they must have spent days deciding how to decorate them. I have seen trade guns with almost every conceivable method of decoration—inlaid work with mirrors, beads, pretty stones, cartridges, brass, silver and almost handfuls of tacks. One gun of the 1870 period has very small notches on almost every available edge. Whether this was to indicate the number of enemies slain or the number of animals killed I do not know.

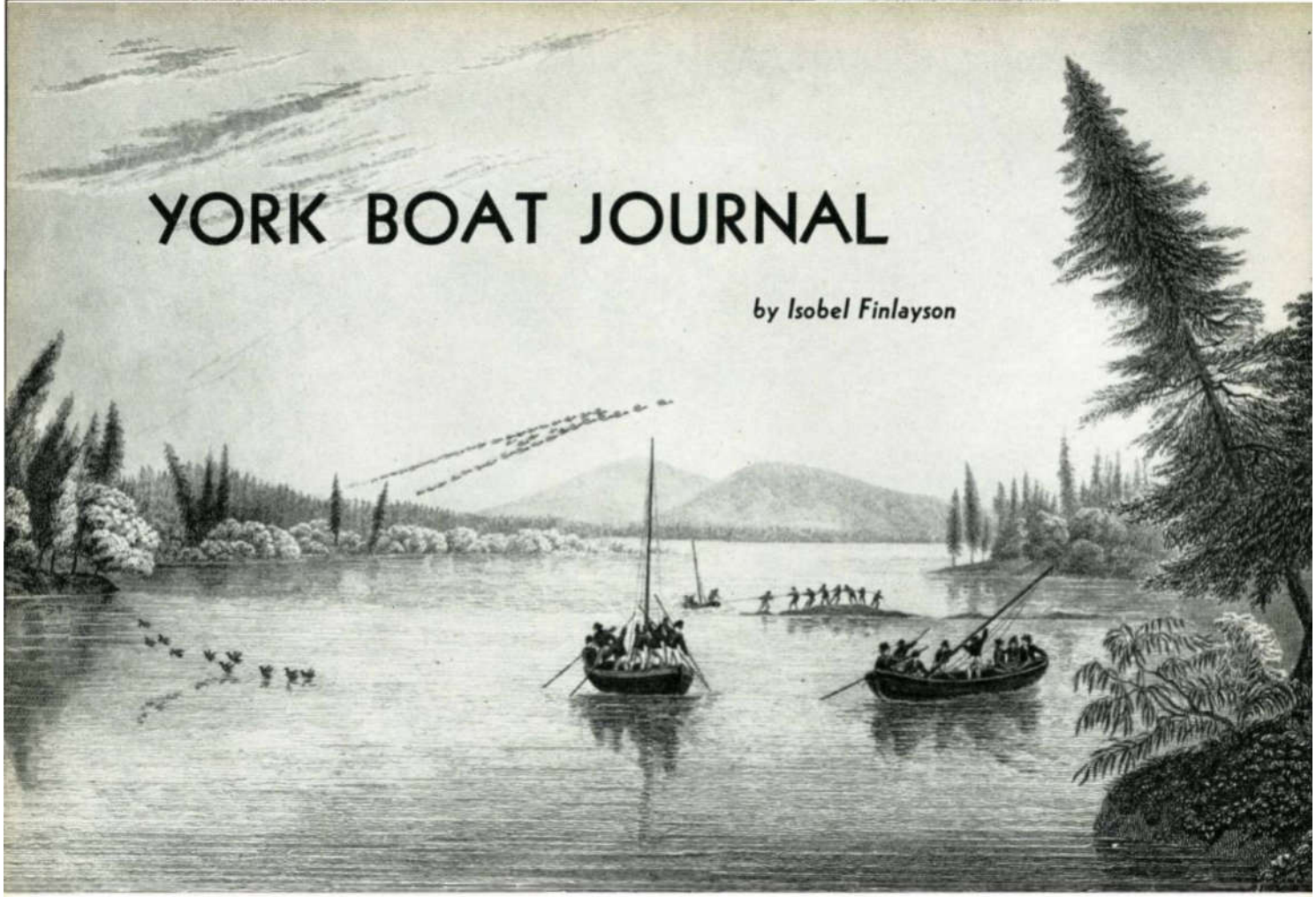
Although this article is intended to cover only the weapons used up until 1870, or the intervention of American and British machine made breech loading guns, it is impossible to say even now that the day of the muzzle loader is past, for in 1941, the Company received an order for two muzzle loading shotguns, in preference to a more modern gun (*Beaver* June 1941), and until recently they were still stocked by the H B C fur trade depot in Montreal.

In summing up, these observations can be made. The Company's purchasers have been men who knew what was wanted in the way of firearms. They have chosen guns which would stand up to the rigours of the wilderness, where a broken part might mean the disablement of a weapon for as much as a year. And they picked a weapon which combined this feature in a light weight sporting gun, a point which no British military authorities achieved until World War II. ◆

Flintlock made between 1670 and 1700, with a cock of about 1800. This gun and those on the opposite page are in the Royal Ontario Museum.

YORK BOAT JOURNAL

by Isobel Finlayson



The Still Water on the Hayes River. Captain Franklin's boats are shown making upstream in September 1819. Robt. Hood.

Further extracts from the diary of an Englishwoman who came out to Red River in 1840.

SUNDAY 6th. [September, 1840]. The morning was beautiful and we were now upon a broad expanse of water called the Still water, which was so calm that scarcely a ripple was perceptible upon its surface, not a breath of wind was stirring, and every thing seemed to partake of the sacred character of the day, for the only sounds to be heard were the dash of the oars in the water, and the low soft voice of the steersman chanting the hundreth Psalm, which was soon caught up by the Indians at the oars, and told that the Gospel had already spread its benign and cheering influence over these isolated and distant lands.

This morning we over took two boats belonging to Joseph Bird, one of the Red River Settlers, in one of which was our fellow passenger Mr. Thomas[1] who was on his way to the Colony; being lighter and better manned, we soon passed them, and did not see them again during the voyage. About nine o'clock we passed Brassy's Portage and breakfasted about half a mile above it, on a beautiful sloping bank, completely overgrown with high trees which effectually screened us from the sun, the ground was covered with a rich soft carpet of moss, enlivened by the pale green leaves, and scarlet fruit of the creeping cranberry, while raspberries currants, and various other berries unknown to me, were growing in wild luxurience in every nook and corner of this picturesque spot. Having another rapid to ascend I preferred walking through this delightful little portage to sitting by myself in the boat. Byron has exquisitely remarked that—

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes"

but never did the truth of these beautiful lines strike me so forcibly as during my short walk through this wild and romantic wood.

This evening we came to the Mossy Portage, a place that well deserves its name. The tents were carried to the upper end of the Portage where they were to be pitched for the night, but the boats were left at the lower end till morning, being too dark to navigate them safely through the rapids. Our walk across this portage was rather amusing, though not particularly agreeable, for we had to wade above half a mile through a swamp of moss [muskeg], sometimes sinking beyond the ancles in moss and water,

1. Thomas Thomas, son of Thomas Thomas.

and sometimes stumbling over the stumps of trees that were hidden beneath our deceitful carpet, startling the very frogs with our unceremonious tumbles into their green and retired abodes. Poor Miss Allen on this occasion bitterly bemoaned her hard fate, but I was so much amused with the whole scene that I felt much more disposed to laugh than to give way to useless lamentations, although I was not at all sorry when our scrambling expedition was over, but the sight of the tents and the splendid fires that were blazing before them amply compensated for any little inconvenience we might have experienced. Here we overtook several boats, belonging to the Settlement, on their way from York, with their annual supply of merchandise.

Monday 7th. Left Mossy at 6 A.M. and after passing two or three portages [Smoothrock, Second and First, and Devil's] reached Green Water Creek, where we intended to breakfast, and found Mowatt, one of the Red River Settlers, there before us. As all the inhabitants of the Colony were aware that Finlayson had gone to York for the purpose of meeting his Wife, who was expected from England, we were highly diverted at this man's extreme anxiety to show his politeness to me—as well as (I have no doubt) to gratify his curiosity, as to what sort of a being I was—he therefore no sooner learnt that we had landed at the lower end of the portage, than he hurried to meet us, eager to offer his congratulations upon my arrival in this country, but he was doomed for the present to some disappointment as I had remained in the boat to ascend the rapid while the rest of the party walked to the upper end of the creek. Not being aware of this, he accosted the first lady he met which happened to be Miss Ross, [aged 17] with "How do you do Mrs. Finlayson" accompanied with a very original bow. Without taking the trouble to undeceive him she replied "Very well thank you" but Mr. Ross informed him the lady in question was his daughter. He next commenced his complimentary speeches to Miss Allen [aged 50] as Mrs. Finlayson, but she soon led him to understand that he was in error, being rather annoyed at this second blunder, he darted off, scarcely giving Mr. Ross time to tell him that we were at the other end of the portage, when the first person he encountered in his onward career was Mary walking before her master carrying my dressing case and umbrella. Being now certain he was right, he made a very low bow without venturing to speak. and she regardless of his politeness passed on, but as soon as he had spoken to Finlayson, he pointed to Mary and said "I am afraid Mrs. Finlayson will have some trouble in getting to the other end of the creek." I do not know what impression the worthy man received of Finlayson's gallantry towards his wife, but he enjoying the joke merely remarked "Mrs. Finlayson will get on very well Mr. Mowatt" and in a few minutes they joined the rest of the party, who were watching the boat in which I was seated ascending the rapid. On my landing nothing could exceed the horror and confusion of the poor man, when he discovered the mistake he had committed, and the ludicrous attempts he made to apologize to Finlayson fairly upset his gravity, and though we asked him to breakfast, I am convinced he did not recover his equinimity of mind till our boats had left him far behind.

Thursday 10th. Started at four A.M. Came to the Trout Fall, where the boats had to be launched over the rocks, here Mr. Ross speared a fine trout which made an excellent addition to our breakfast.

In the afternoon we entered Oxford Lake, and shortly after arrived at Oxford House, one of the Company's Posts. This was a lonely place surrounded by high pickets,

Indians portaging at the Trout Fall, which can be seen in the distance on the right. From a water colour by Peter Rindisbacher.
Courtesy West Point Museum.

the whole establishment consisting of some stores, a dwelling house and a few small houses for the accommodation of the men. The house, a large comfortless kind of building was erected upon a bleak looking hill sloping down to the lake, with a long wooden jetty running far out into the water, here we were kindly received by Mr. [Chief Trader Richard] Grant, who made a thousand apologies for his dress, saying the afternoon was so unfavorable that he did not expect us till the following day. His costume was certainly not exactly *comme il faut*, but an apology was almost unnecessary, for who could expect to find a man, paying much attention to the elegancies of the toilette, while residing in a solitary dwelling in the wilds of North America, but Mr. Grant thought otherwise, and he might with truth have felt that a beard of some days growth, would detract from the good looks of almost any man. We remained here only an hour to get a few supplies, much to the disappointment of Mr. Grant, who hoped we would have passed the night under his roof, for it must be a great treat to one placed in so lonely a situation, to meet occasionally with some friendly faces, and hear the news from the civilized world, but he gladly availed himself of Finlayson's invitation to follow us in a small canoe and spend the evening with us, as we intended to encamp a few miles from the house. We accordingly landed at the first favorable spot we could find, and Mr. Grant joined us shortly afterwards, having previously shaved and changed his dress, in honor of our gipsy party. Mr. Ross having offered him a share of his tent, he remained with us all night, and the following morning at the usual hour, we bade him Adieu and proceeded on our journey.

Friday 11th. About seven o'Clock A.M. came up with [Alexis] L'Esperance, the Canadian Guide on his way to the Settlement with the Company's brigade of boats from York Factory, and in these boats we were to proceed to Red River after reaching Norway House. Put ashore for breakfast and were detained some hours with wind and rain. Started again and entered the Wip-pa-na-pa-nish river at two P.M. and slept at the entrance of the Rabbit Ground. Shortly after we had encamped L'Esperance passed, and put on shore some distance above us. The night was calm and beautiful, and the voices of the Canadians singing their boat-songs, had a delightful and pleasing effect as they floated sweetly over the water in the still evening air, and at length died away in the distance.

Tuesday 15th. Cloudy weather. Early this morning L'Esperance arrived with his brigade of boats, in which we were to embark the following day for Red River. Here we were to part with our fellow travellers Mr. and Miss Ross, and in their place we were to have Mr. Ross' second daughter, and Miss Evans, who were going to the Red River School and would consequently be under Miss Allen's tuition.

Thursday 17th. About nine o'clock put ashore for breakfast, but as the wind was favorable for our course, Finlayson remarked that he wished to embark and again set sail with as little delay as possible. I had taken a short walk with him along the beach while breakfast was preparing, but on our return what was our astonishment to see a tent pitched on the shore and to learn that Miss Allen, in her hurry to perform her toilette had tumbled into the lake. We soon discovered by the laughing faces of all around us that nothing very serious had occurred, and when I entered the tent, to offer my assistance I found Mary helping her to change her wet clothes and vainly endeavouring to comfort her, for she was crying bitterly, and lamenting the hardships and dangers to which she was exposed in such a dreadful journey—but the sight of a warm cordial, that Finlayson sent to prevent her from taking cold, contributed to raise her spirits, more than all the arguments Mary could bring forward on the subject. This slight accident detained us for more than an hour, and clouded the Countenance of the poor Gouvernante for the rest of the day.

Saturday 19th. Blew again during the night but in the morning, the wind came so far round as to tempt us to set sail, but about sunrise it encreased so much, that L'Esperance expressed some anxiety to get on shore. The waves were running so high, that at times we completely lost sight of the other boat as she sank into the trough of the sea, while they were foaming and dashing over the rocky shore, with a violence that threatened to dash the boat to pieces if we attempted to land. The countenances of our Canadians began to look rather blank for they are soon frightened but after some difficulty we safely landed about two points to the West of Leaf River.

Monday 21st. I wandered with Finlayson over our little island, and should we be spared to return to our native land, I shall look back to the hours I have passed with him in the solitary wilderness, as among the happiest I have spent during my sojourn in the "Far West."

* * * * *

I was particularly struck during the journey with the extreme solitude of the woods, a few birds would occasionally hover about the encampment, sometimes a squirrel would be seen leaping from tree to tree, and now and then a little Ermine cross our path, but these wild regions did not seem congenial to animated nature, and such a complete silence reigned around that one would almost imagine that the very animals had felt the loneliness of the wilderness, and drawn nearer to the haunts of man.

Saturday 26th. Wind rather more favorable, set sail, and about 10 O'clock A.M. crossed the bar at the mouth of Red River. Nothing can present a more gloomy and wretched prospect than the first appearance of this river, which for many miles winds its thick and muddy waters through low reedy swamps, but as we advanced, it gradually became wider and the banks higher and covered with shrubs, and now and then an Indian tent would enliven the scene, out of which men women and children, rushed to gaze at us as we passed along. The first signs of civilization began to appear in the shape of hay-stacks within rude enclosures, then horses, and horned cattle, were seen grazing along the banks, and shortly after, log houses, with their various outbuildings were thickly scattered on both sides of the river. At length we came to the Indian Settle-

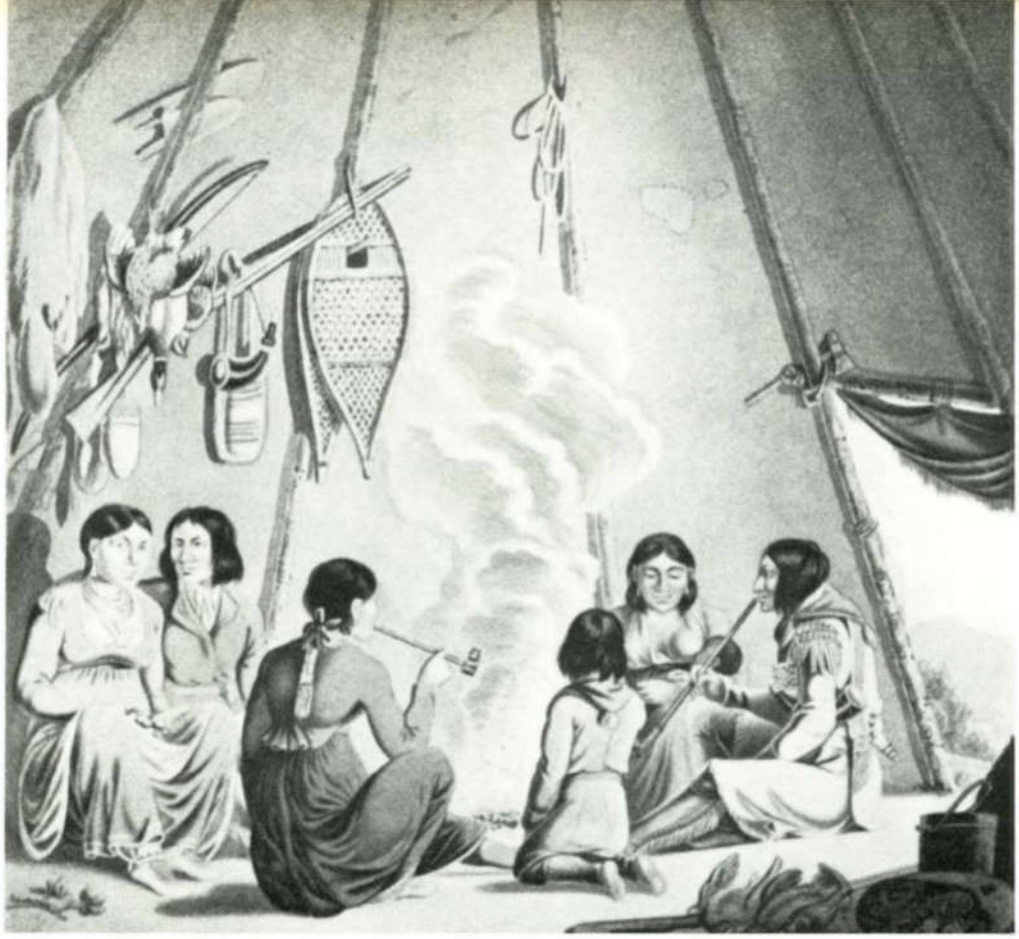
The oldest building at Lower Fort Garry (erected 1832) where the George Simpsons lived. Paul Hunter.

ment, its neat little whitewashed church, partially surrounded by trees, the Missionary's quiet dwelling, and the mill upon the bank, presenting a most pleasing picture after the lonely scenes we had so recently left. Peguish, the Indian Chief came out of his house to greet us as we passed, waving his hand and calling out "Bon jour bon jour." About five o'Clock, we arrived at the lower Fort, which had been my sister's [Mrs. George Simpson's] residence the last year she remained in this country, but it is impossible to describe the feelings that oppressed my heart at the sight of that spot, which had been her home for so many months. It was a beautiful evening, the sun was shining brilliantly upon the water, and the Canadians were singing their liveliest songs to apprize the inhabitants of the Fort of our approach, the scene was the same as in other days, but she (the tender and affectionate companion of my early years, who had formerly given life and cheerfulness to the place) was no longer there and thousands of miles separated us from each other, and after vainly endeavouring to conceal my emotions, my heart at length found relief in a flood of tears. At the landing place we were met by Mr. Black,[2] who had been anxiously watching for our arrival for several days, here Finlayson and I left the boats but the rest of the party continued their journey by water to the Upper Fort, where they did not arrive till after midnight. We remained here no longer than was necessary to prepare the four wheeled vehicle in which we were to proceed to the Upper Fort, and as we had yet a distance of twenty miles before us, we were anxious to set out on our journey as soon as possible.

Little or no change has taken place here since my sister left it, the large old dwelling house built of stone, which must have been cold and comfortless, even in its best days, was standing just as in her time, but it looked old and delapidated as well as the buildings around it.[3] One half of it was occupied by Mr. Black, and the other by Mr. Thom (the Recorder). But various changes are now [1843?] in contemplation, dwelling houses and stores, very different to the former ones are to be erected which will render it necessary to pull down some of the old buildings, for they will not correspond with the new ones. [This was evidently not done.]

After a short visit to Mrs. Thom whom I had seen in London, our nondescript carriage being ready, we left the Fort attended by a man on horseback; our road lay through the Plain, at the back of the Settlement, but the evening was so dark I could form no correct notion of the country through which we were passing. At half past seven we arrived at Fort Garry, where I was affectionately welcomed by my dear Husband to my home.

2. John Black, clerk in charge of Lower Fort Garry.
3. The oldest building had only been up for eight years.



Scene in an Indian tent at Red River, by Rindisbacher. The native women are wearing European dress. The man on the left is presumably a half-breed. Courtesy West Point Museum.

The Colony of Red River extends about forty miles along the banks of the Red River, and about thirty miles along those of the river Assiniboine, which joins Red River at Fort Garry, forming altogether an extent of about seventy miles, over which the Settlement is spread. Fort Garry the Company's principal establishment here is situated in latitude 49° 52′ 50″ North and longitude 97° West, at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. The Fort stands by itself enclosed with stone walls, about fifteen feet high, having a tower or bastion at the four corners, a gallery runs round the inside of the walls, which affords an extensive view of the surrounding country and forms a pleasant walk at all times. The principal dwelling house occupies the centre of the square, behind which the flag staff stands. There are also other houses within the walls of the Fort, besides a court-house and jail, granaries, Storehouses, and various other necessary buildings connected with the establishment. The Stables are situated a short distance from the Fort, in a large paddock of several acres in extent.

The Company do not farm their own land but grain and all other necessaries for the consumption of this p!ace as well as for that of many other posts in the Country, are purchased from the Settlers, in order to give them a market for the surplus produce of their farms. The Settlers all cultivate their own lots of land granted to them by the Company, some of their farms being from fifty to two hundred acres in extent.

The houses are all built of wood, and either painted or whitewashed, a few of the largest being two stories high, but the greater part only one, seldom containing more than two or three rooms while those belonging to the poorer classes are mere log huts, admitting of no internal division, and destitute of almost every comfort and convenience. They are invariably situated on the banks of the river, and all have a cold and naked appearance as scarcely a tree or shrub has been left standing near them. The soil is very fertile, producing grain and vegetables of all kinds, the common fruits of the Country, raspberries, strawberries, plums, and nuts, grow wild in the woods and plains, in profusion, English gooseberries and currants flourish well in the gardens and melons and cucumbers come to perfection in the open air. In consequence of the domestic cattle being fed so easily in the plains during the summer, the settlers rear immense herds of them, the living is therefore cheap, for beef sells at twopence a pound, and mutton at twopence halfpenny, poultry is very reasonable and eggs are sold at fourpence a dozen. The rivers also produce various kinds of fish, yet with all these advantages the greater part of the people, especially the Canadians and half breeds, are generally speaking poor, for they are so thoughtless and improvident, that they will squander all they possess today, and never think of tomorrow. Many of them live in idleness the greater part of the year and in Summer take their whole families, many days journey into the plains, to hunt the Buffaloes that are annually killed

in immense numbers and after living there in their tents for some weeks, will return with their Carts laden with meat, dried and prepared for the Winter, but this instead of being husbanded with care, is consumed and wasted in profusion, and then they are left to starve for the remainder of the Season.

* * * * *

As soon as the frost is fairly set in, the Winter stock of provisions is laid up in the ice house, the meat being all killed at this Season of the year when it immediately becomes as solid as a block of marble, and lasts in this state fresh till the following Spring. It would astonish some of the thrifty economical housekeepers in England, could they see the immense quantity, and strange variety of provisions that are collected in the ice house, at this season; beef, mutton, pork, hams tongues, fowls, turkeys, rabbits, sturgeons, whitefish, and vegetables, all frozen as hard as stone, so that when a joint is required it has to be cut off with an axe, or a saw, and slowly thawed, before it can be dressed for the table.

* * * * *

The river usually presents a lively appearance during the winter, which is the season both for amusement and idleness, for the people being unable to work upon their farms, are continually driving about from house to house, those who do not possess a horse, driving an ox, and those who cannot afford a gay carriole, contenting themselves with an humble sled.

* * * * *

Their [the Indians'] features are strongly marked and often fine, with the most splendid teeth imaginable, and they have frequently a good humoured lively cast of countenance, but seldom a frank open expression, for the forehead is low and concealed by their long black hair, beneath which their dark, piercing, and restless eye, is continually wandering around as if in search or fear of treachery.

Their hair is divided down the centre and generally hangs long and loose on either side of the face, but when they wish to appear particularly well dressed, it is twisted into numerous small plaits, and decked with beads, ribbons, and pieces of scarlet cloth, an Indian dandy occupying as much time over his toilette, and being as vain of his personal appearance, as some of the insignificant fops of Bond, or Regent Street. The feathers with which their heads are frequently adorned are the symbols of a warrior, none being allowed to use them unless they have attained to that honourable distinction. In the Summer their only dress consists of a pair of leggins, made of blue or scarlet cloth, gaily trimmed with beads, mocassins, and a blanket or buffalo robe, thrown loosely round them, but in winter they are warmly clothed in leather, prepared by themselves from deer or buffalo skins. The woman's dress usually consists of a cloth gown, reaching below the knees, made, either with or without sleeves, according to the fancy of the wearer, the body being generally neatly worked with beads—cloth stockings, mocassins, and the never failing blanket, complete the costume, some of the young girls are decidely handsome, being delicately and elegantly formed, but they soon lose their good looks and the old squaws are perfectly hideous.

* * * * *

In the Summer when the Indians from the plains occasionally visit the Fort, then one can form some notion of the real Indian Warrior and as they stride along with a proud and haughty step, with nothing but a buffalo robe thrown carelessly round their tall forms, their faces painted, their hands grasping a hatchet or a bow, and their heads adorned with feathers one cannot but acknowledge that a party of these formidable looking beings, would be most fearful foes to encounter, under the excitement of their fierce and revengeful passions.

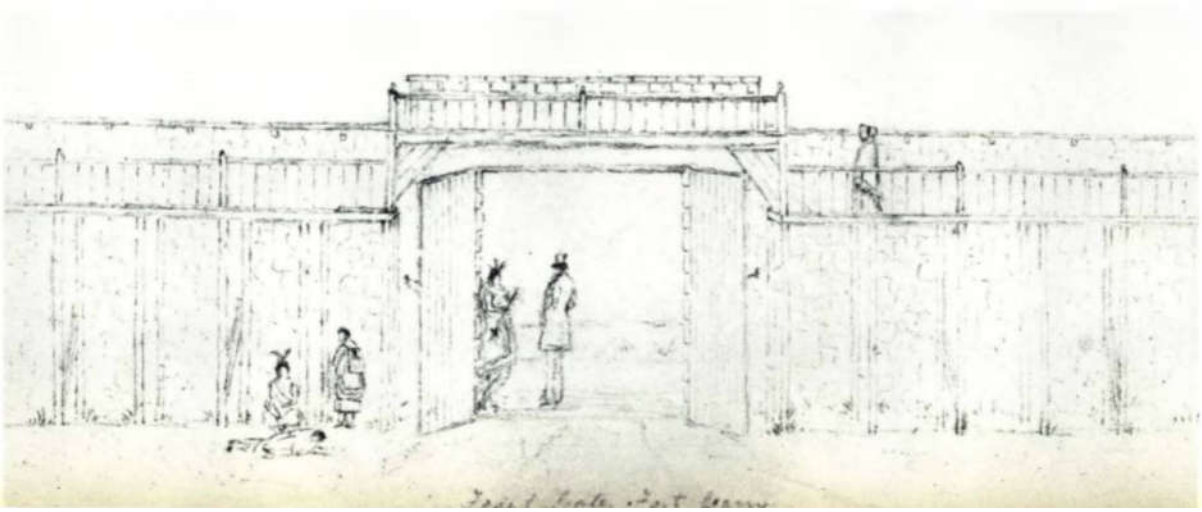
* * * * *

The population is estimated at five thousand, and chiefly consists of Scotch settlers, Canadians, and half breeds, the latter forming by far the largest portion of the population. I think it however but just to remark that from the various reports I had heard of this place I came to it under very unfavorable impressions, but I am pleased to say I found it infinitely superior to the opinion I had originally entertained of it. The living is cheap and good, and one can obtain all the necessaries, and many of the comforts of life, but at the same time I must candidly confess, that for many reasons, I should never like Red River as a place of residence.

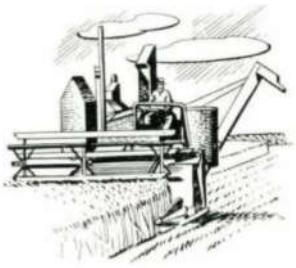
Isobel G. Finlayson

Red River Settlement
September 30th 1843.

The only view known to be extant of the interior of Upper Fort Garry in its early days. Through the south gate is seen the opposite bank of the Assiniboine. Note the gallery running round the walls. Isobel Finlayson.



FROM THE CRADLE TO THE COMBINE



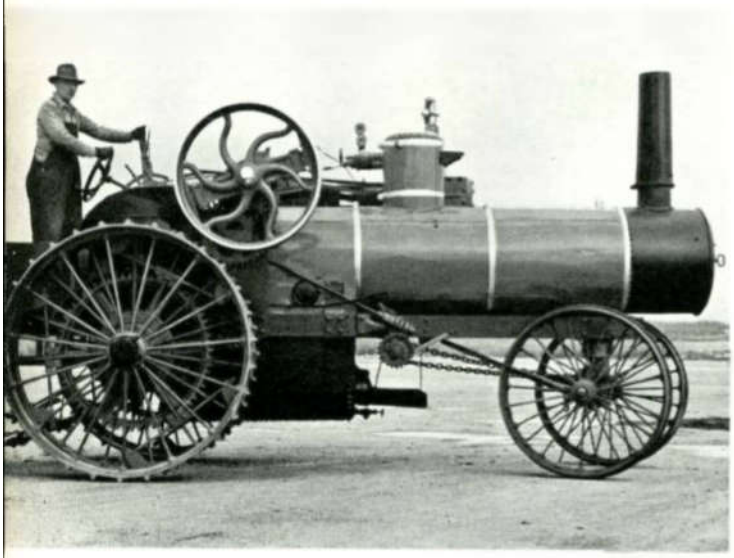
by L. M. Ackerman

How a Saskatchewan museum is preserving and displaying the picturesque machines and vehicles of early farming days on the prairie.

MUCH of the technological history and tradition of the three prairie provinces is housed in three converted airport buildings in Saskatchewan. Located at Saskatoon, North Battleford and Yorkton, they comprise "The Western Development Museum." Primarily they record the history of western agriculture and show how increased productivity has been made possible by the development of machines.

During the past fifty years we have seen some of the most important inventions in the history of the world put into daily use, many of which will form a basis for a still greater evolution in industry, science, and every form of endeavour. In agriculture alone there has been a host of inventions. The thresher, the tractor, the combine, the plough—a whole list of improved farm implements have come into being. Farm implements have advanced from sickles and flails to modern power machinery which has increased production, lowered farming costs, and saved incalculable labour and time.

Five years ago this fall, J. L. Phelps, who at that time was Saskatchewan's Minister of Natural Resources, saw relics of pioneer days overgrown with weeds in fence corners, being scrapped by junk dealers, and rotting away in farm bluffs, while the odd machine was carefully preserved by some early settler because of memories that only a pioneer can know. Himself a farmer, Mr. Phelps realized that an important link in the history of agriculture was soon going to be lost forever if something was not done about it at once. He brought the matter of a Western Development Museum up for cabinet approval and from then on it became his responsibility. Subsequently the project came under a board of directors who receive no salary. The scope of the Museum has been enlarged from the province of Saskatchewan to include the other two prairie provinces.



One of the early "giants of the plains" now at the Western Development Museum.

This steamer was made by George White & Sons of London, Ontario, and Brandon, Manitoba.

Chairman of the board is Mr. Phelps, now president of the Saskatchewan Farmers Union, with Grant MacEwan formerly of the University of Manitoba as vice-chairman. The board of directors consists of Professor E. A. Hardy, Dean of Agricultural Engineering of the University of Saskatchewan (now on loan to the Government of India); C. Jonah, of Regina, representing the Saskatchewan Implement Dealer's Association; Frank Swon of North Battleford, a pioneer of Saskatchewan, and Paul Helstrom, well known Regina district farmer.

A visit to the Museum is an education in itself. Many people, for example, have heard talk of "horse power" with only the foggiest notion what it meant. After seeing some of the early horse power on exhibit, they now realize that in the early days the "horse power" was a sort of capstan operated by teams of horses hitched to its arms and walking in a circle, which supplied the power to operate the threshing and other farm machines. Today tractors and engines supply this power.

Found in this museum too is another form of power used in the early 1900's—a treadmill powered at that time by one to three horses walking up a moving incline. They had to keep walking in this enclosure without going anywhere, and hoof marks worn in the tread timbers of hardwood are evidence of the hard work it was. This supplied the power to small grain separators belted to the treadmill.

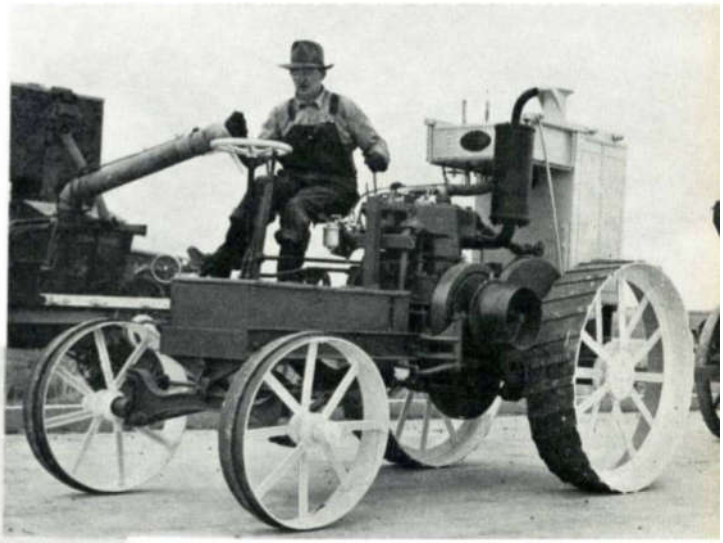
Smaller types of treadmills were operated by dogs or trained sheep to relieve the farmer's wife of the drudgery of operating plunger churns and drawing water from the well. Recently one of these was found at Prud'homme some fifty miles from Saskatoon and was used as recently as three years ago to pump water.

The first ploughs used in Canada were of the most primitive type. One of the earliest models is called the Old English plough and consisted of a small piece of iron fixed to the coulter, having the shape of a letter L, the shank of which went through the wooden beam, the foot forming the point which was sharpened for use. One handle and plank split from a curved piece of lumber, which did the duty of a mold board, completed the crude implement. At that time the traces and leading lines were made from the bark of the elm or basswood, which was manufactured by the early settlers into strong rope.

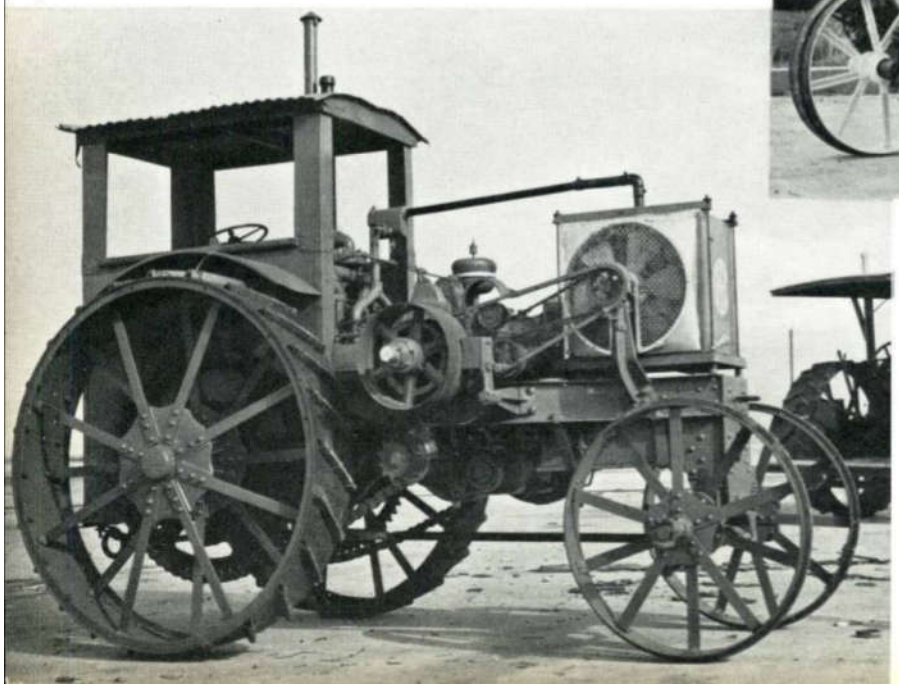
It has been a long hurdle since then—from a sharpened stick on the limb of a tree to the present method of rubber tired tractors and one way tillers, and it has all happened in the remarkably short space of sixty to seventy years.

In the early tillage section of the Western Development Museum there are several kinds of ploughs, from the most primitive type, mostly made of wood, to the large twelve-bottom engine gangs that were once familiar in the early development of the prairies. Today, turning the soil with a team and walking plough is almost a lost art. Not so many years ago it was a key to good farming, and a man was judged by the straightness of his furrow and the smoothness of the ploughed ground. As a matter of fact, the annual ploughing match in those days was the year's most festive occasion. But today tractors have supplanted horses, and the one-way disc has taken the place of the plough. Except for breaking the sod, the plough is becoming an almost obsolete implement in prairie communities.

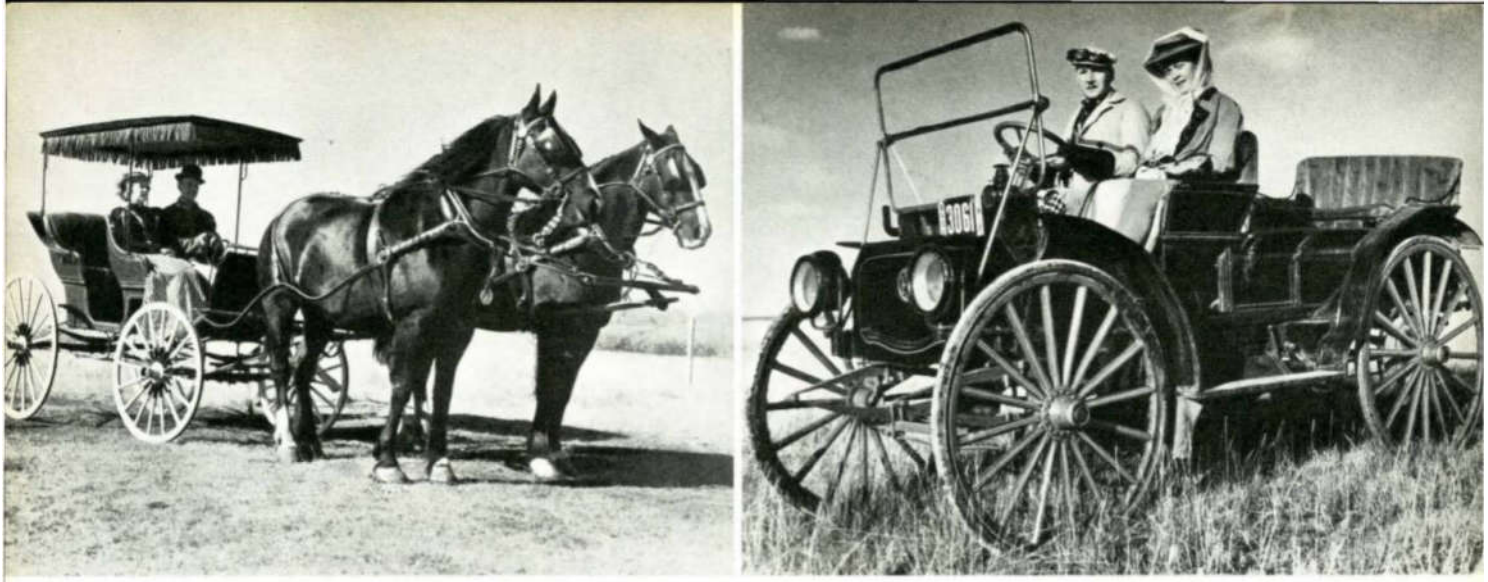
Many planting and harvesting devices eloquent of the ingenuity of the early settlers are shown in the Museum—scythes and their mechanical successors, the mowing and reaping machines. It has been a long step from the cradle to the modern combine. The Museum still has a few missing links in the chain to make the story complete but there are



A gasoline-driven tractor, built by Saunderson & Gifkin in England, 1912. Last used at Biggar, Saskatchewan, in 1947.



An International Harvester Co. gas engine of 1915. Drivers of such machines used to say that I.H.C. stood for "In Hell Continually."



Similarity of line is noticeable between this surrey with the fringe on top and its gas-driven counterpart, an I.H.C. auto buggy.

enough exhibits in this section to make a fascinating tale. Included in this graphic story is one of the first binders to use twine in tying, made by the Massey Company before the two companies of Massey and Harris amalgamated.

The automatic binder has perhaps caused more economic and social changes than any other agricultural machine. It has reduced the number of man hours required for harvesting and increased world production of cereals. The first sheaves were wire-bound and were dangerous to man and beast alike. It is perhaps hard for us—people living in a modern world of labour-saving devices—to realize what this automatic binder meant.

In the transportation section one finds a Red River Cart which was the accepted mode of travel less than sixty years ago. On loan from the Saskatoon Exhibition Board, it is made wholly of wood with the exception of the tin band around the hub. No grease was used on the wooden axles as the fine dust along the prairie trails would have lodged in the grease and worn down the axles and hubs.

The horse-drawn vehicles in the collection present a wealth of examples that mark steps in the advancement of design and construction. Choice exhibits in the museum include the "surrey with the fringe on top," popular with the teen age visitors due probably to the not-so-long-ago song success.

Of beautiful craftsmanship, and one of the most interesting exhibits on display at Saskatoon, is the brougham once owned by Peter Verigin. In perfect condition, it has royal blue mohair upholstery inside. The carriage has side lamps and step guard. Attached to the door of the carriage, the guard fits over the step to protect it from dust and dirt of the road. The early spiritual leader of the Doukhobors used this luxury brougham for his own personal conveyance. Hitched to two teams of spirited horses—for which he was noted—it no doubt made a striking picture as he journeyed through the Yorkton and Kamsack districts around 1905.

Also of special interest is a buggy owned by Timothy Eaton, the founder of the T. Eaton Company. It was in this buggy that Mr. Eaton had his hip broken, when one of his horses became frightened, upsetting the vehicle. Shortly after the accident the son of his head coachman, James Forge, joined the flood of immigrants to Western Canada, and among his settler's effects came the "Eaton Buggy" given him by his former employer. This buggy was in constant use by Mr. Forge from 1901 until 1945 at his farm near Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

No reference to the transportation section of this museum would be complete without mentioning the very fancy cutter brought from eastern Canada over forty years ago by Billy Silverwood of Saskatoon. It has high front bobs, and the driver's seat is elevated with a sweeping curve. The rear seat and a small folding child's seat are at a lower level. Mr. Silverwood paid some six hundred and fifty dollars for this cutter, only to consider it "too classy" for him to use after bringing it west. Hence it remained stored on his farm all these years until now it stands in elegance and old world glamour on the floor of the Museum, where an imaginative mind can almost see the ostrich plumed hats of the ladies and the buffalo robes blowing in the breeze.

Looking at the early models of "horseless carriages" one wonders what visions the young inventors of them saw. The long nights in the shop—the hours spent at benches till their fingers ached—did those young men who looked at the curious things made with the labour of their hands and minds ever wonder if it was worth it? In those early days when the first horseless carriages came out people viewed them with suspicion and contempt. Some called them noisy toys in which rich idlers risked their necks and frightened good horses. Little did they dream that those forerunners of our modern automobiles would be the *raison d'etre* for thousands of miles of roads opening up the glories of our country—making the man from Halifax a neighbor of the man from Vancouver.

Prize of the automobile exhibits in the Museum is a huge 1910 custom-built Peerless. Reported to be worth $13,000 when new it was built for Senator Lougheed's wife, but delivery was never taken. It has a separate enclosure for the driver with communication through a sliding win-

Peter Verigin's brougham is still in perfect condition. So is the electric version, bought in 1912 for $4,300, which ran 75 miles on one battery charging.

dow. The original upholstery of grey is in good condition and the dashboard is of solid mahogany.

A one-cylinder 1905 Cadillac with chain drive and crank at the side still runs. No doubt the young bloods of that day speeding down the road at 15 miles an hour caused many an older man to say that youth was certainly on the downgrade. With the motor under the seat it is reputed to have made 17-20 miles to the gallon in its heyday. This particular Cadillac, donated to the museum by Mrs. N. D. Myrick of Davidson, was sold to the Myricks by two salesmen from Chicago along with a section of land.

Farmers visiting the Western Development Museum are particularly interested in the 1907 Russell touring car which was used during the organization campaign of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association. Produced by the Canada Cycle and Motor Company, it was the only car of its day manufactured completely in this country.

An auto buggy introduced by the International Harvester Company in 1910 is in perfect running order. An old instruction book on this machine gives the following interesting facts:

A FEW DON'TS

Don't crank the engine with an advanced spark.
Don't run car on batteries.
Don't fail to grease wheels every 500 miles.

It also stressed the importance of adding one-quarter pint of oil each day to keep the engine in good condition. "The accumulation of oil in the crank case," the instructions go on to say, "should be drawn off at least once a week and replaced with fresh oil."

Can't you just see Mama, bundled up in a duster and veiled motoring cap, getting disapproving glances as she climbed into one of those contraptions? Especially when the instructions previously mentioned carried the following: "Caution! This machine is designed to be run at a maximum speed of 20 miles per hour!"

These are but a few of the "gas buggies" on display which used to careen over prairie trails when mechanization was still young. Adding to the interest are license plates bearing the date of the last year the machines were on the road.

Forming a large section in this museum are what Professor Evan Hardy calls "The Giants of the Plains—some of the great steam and gas tractors, which broke virgin prairie and ran the big threshing outfits following the turn of the century." Exhibits in this section burned everything from straw to coal oil. Among them is the first engine donated to the museum—a Rumley Oil-pull used by Mr. Phelps for many years. Many of the original owners of these gigantic engines come long distances to the museum to see again their prized steamers, now reconditioned and painted.

An effort is being made by the Museum Board to obtain machines owned by pioneers who have contributed to the public life of the prairies. Commemorating the work of the late Honorable George Langley for instance, one time Minister of Agriculture, stands a 110 horsepower Case steam tractor, bought in 1912 and used for years in the Speers and Richard districts of Saskatchewan.

Mr. Phelps has personally found a large percentage of the exhibits now on display as he has gone up and down the country on Saskatchewan Farmers Union meetings. Quite often he has risen early in the morning after a late public meeting to devote some time on the way to another meeting, running down rumours about some old machine. A small-town hotel clerk or garage owner may mention some old relic, and Joe Phelps—like a hound scenting game—is away. He has also become a persistent haunter of junk yards, though they aren't the happy hunting grounds they might have been before the war. Rural scrap, on the other hand, found on side roads and detours, has yielded many valuable exhibits, and it's amazing what interesting relics and out-of-date spare parts have been discovered in such places.

Much of the history of the development of prairie farming and transport would be lost forever were not these early relics of machinery preserved. This Western Development Museum is not just a hobby, but the history of power, transportation and tillage by which man has learned to produce food supplies for the world in ever increasing quantities. ◆

THE RED RIVER DIALECT

by S. Osborne Scott and D. A. Mulligan

Sketches by Barbara Cook

The first part of this article is an adaptation of a radio talk given by Mr. Scott some years ago. The second part has been written by Mr. Mulligan.

Part One

WHEN Manitoba entered Confederation in 1870 there were about 5,000 half breeds of Scottish or Orkney and Cree ancestry living within the boundaries of the province. These people spoke a curious dialect known as "Bungee" or "Bungay," which combined some of the characteristics of both tongues, with the occasional use of a few words of French and other languages.

The Orkneyman talked English with a Scottish accent and with the lilting cadence of his Norse ancestors. If there were any English consonants he was unable to pronounce, I am unaware of it. There was no Shibboleth in his conversation. The Cree Indian had only eleven consonants in his language and was unable, for instance, to pronounce the letter "l" or "r", but was well able to make the "sh" sound; but strange to say the children of Orkney fathers and Cree mothers said "sot" for shot, "sewer" for sure, "suggar" for sugar, and so on.

So we have the soft-voiced mother speaking the beautiful Cree language and the father talking the clear cut incisive English of the Scotsman. In the union between the white father and the Indian mother the child learnt the language of both and was sent to the Anglican Parish School, or if a school was not available, was taught by some one in the fort, where he learned the three "R's." But the two languages were so commonly used that in play around the fort or in the school yard both would be spoken and thus Red River dialect was developed. It was very much more English than Indian, probably eighty or ninety percent so. Some of the constructions were typically Cree or Ojibwa. I have heard, "Bye me I *kaykatch* [nearly] killed it two ducks with wan sot." That would be pretty good Cree translated literally into that language. Again, "John James Corrigal and Willie George Linklater were sooting in the marse. The canoe went *apeechequanee*. The watter was sallow whatefer but Willie George kept bobbin up and down callin, 'O Lard save me.' John James was on topside the canoe souted to Willie and sayed, 'Never mind the Lard just now Willie, grab for the willows'."

This incident, which happened many years ago, illustrates an amusing angle of the handicap of the Red River dialect. The Rev. S. P. Matheson's duty was to train young men for holy orders. One young native aspirant had to be drilled again and again to say sure, should, and shall, instead of "sewer," "sud," and "sall." Mr. Matheson, thinking he had him perfectly trained, sent him to Rev. J. J. Anderson, the native Rector at St. Peters as assistant. When Matheson next saw Anderson he asked about his assistant, telling him of the drilling he had given. Anderson's reply was, "I think you overdid it. When he was reading the morning prayers he said, 'God shave the Queen'." Matheson later became Archbishop Matheson, Primate of all Canada; Anderson became Archbishop of Moosonee, and his assistant, Canon Sanderson of Kenora.

Indian words used were often the picturesque short words, often exclamatory; *Keeyam*—meaning never mind, let it go—a sort of ishkabibble: "Girl *Keeyam* if you take my *neechimos* [sweetheart] I'll get me another whatefer!" *Chimmuck*, one of those words whose sound suits the sense, represents the hollow splash a stone makes when falling perpendicularly in the water from a height; for instance, "He fell off the rock *chimmuck* in lake." "The canoe went *apeechequanee* and they went *chimmuck*"—*apeechequanee* meaning head-over-heels.

Rev. James Settee, a pure blooded down-the-Bay Cree, when preaching in St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, and speaking of the swine running over a cliff into the sea said, "Those pigs, my dear hearers, ran over the bank and went *chimmuck* in the water." The names of birds, animals and plants were commonly expressed in the Indian language, for obvious reasons. The Indian had a name for all birds, animals and berries, while to the white man they were new and he had no names for the different species—"I know bye where there is a fine bus of *neepinnans*" (high bush cranberries). Paper and pepper were pronounced "pepper," and you indicated whether it was eating or writing you wanted. The Scottish word "byre" was always used instead of stable or cowshed. They never "put out" a fire or candle, it was always "slocked." Willie Brass, H B C servant, was an Orkneyman who married a Dog Rib Indian woman in the north, and when pensioned, retired to the Red River Settlement. He got home from the fort one night a little the worse for wear with acute indigestion. He went to bed but kept waking asking Eliza, his wife, for a drink of hot water, saying, "Strick a light you'll see I'm dying Eliza, and get me a drink, I'm dying." She did strike a light and got him hot water three or four times. Finally she got fed up and said to him, "Awe Willie, I'm just slocked it the light; can't you die in the daark"?

Although this dialect could be spoken by almost anyone in the Red River country there were many well educated natives who could and did speak perfect English, or with a

barely perceptible accent—but might for the fun of the thing lapse into the broad dialect when all present were known to understand it. The native English women were good looking, especially in youth, with small hands and feet, and their natural walk was a treat to behold. They were very modest. I overheard this in our kitchen. The girl next door had come over to visit:

"Sit down girl Mary and you'll see I'll mak a cup a tea."

"Oh Eliza girl I'll not can I'm got to get hom."

"*Keeyam* getting hom. Sit down. Take off your sawl and I'll put on the kettle."

"Aw Eliza I'll not can—I'm got Jane Mary's bodice on and it'll not can meet."

Willie met me at the Selkirk Station to drive me to St. Peters Rectory. "Come on boy," he said, "I'm got the horse tied upset the Hotel?" We were no sooner seated in the buggy than he started: "Bye did you hear about the elecsuns last week?"

"No Willie, Dominion, provincial or municipal?"

"Hell no, tsurch. I was running for waarden. The meeting was in tsurch. Your faather was in the tsair. Kiplun was running against me. Mind you boy your faather was in the tsair. He was just about to take the vot when that fellow Kiplun got up. Oh that's Kiplun get watter from the rivver he lives in that little house with the smok comin out of the chimney now. Yes mind you boy that fella Kiplun got right up in the meetin. Your faather boy was in the tsair and you know what Kiplun sayed? He sayed, 'Willie.' —'Yes, Kiplun.'—'What did you do with that coil oil?'—'What coil oil, Kiplun?'—'The coil oil you took out of the tsurch and barned in yore own hom.'—"By gos boy I lost the elecsun right there."

Part Two

To illustrate how a story would be told by a person speaking this Red River dialect, the following version of Red Riding Hood has been written by Mr. Mulligan. A well known tale was chosen in this case so that numerous explanations would not be necessary, but pronunciations of certain words are sometimes difficult to reproduce. The word "coat" is shown here as "cot," but the "o" was long, drawn-out; "bush" becomes "buss" to rhyme with "puss." An attempt has also been made to lay stress on the proper syllables by italicising them. Note that not only does the sh become s, but the s sometimes becomes sh—a version of the dialect influenced by the Crees of Hudson and James Bays who use the sh sound in their own tongue.—Editor.

"Awe Willie, I'm just slocked it the light; can't you die in the daark?"

"The canoe went *apechequanee*. The watter was sallow whatefer but Willie George kept bobbin up and down callin, 'O Lard save me I.' John James was on topside the canoe souted to Willie and sayed, 'Never mind the Lard just now Willie, grab for the willows.'"

THE SHTORY OF LITTLE RED RIDIN HOOD

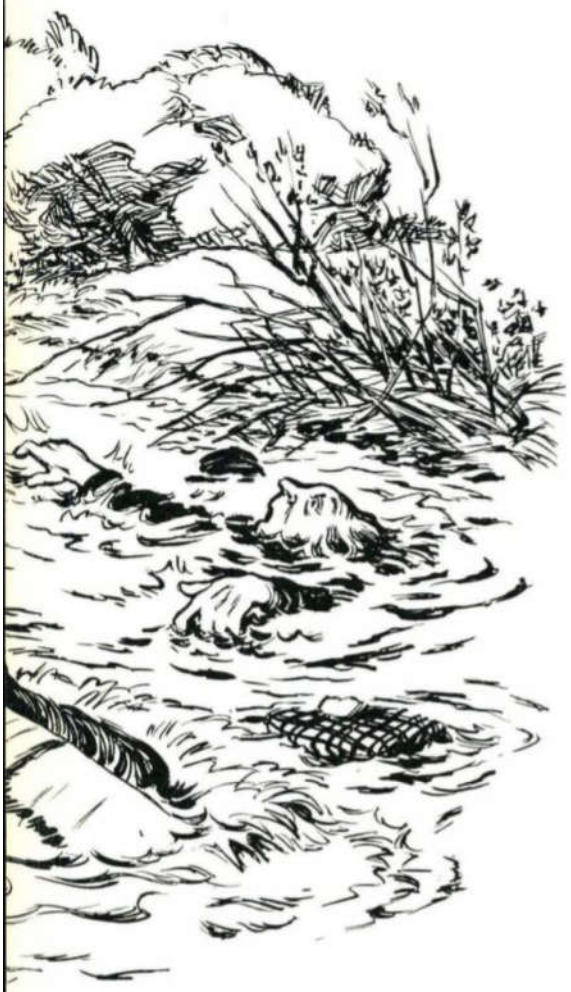
Come here my pet, and I'll tell you a shtory of a little gurl wat wuz cald Little Red *Ridin* Hood.

They cald her Red Ridin Hood cawz see wuz olwuz warin a red cot, *like a* capote. See lived in the buss with her fa-ther *and* mother. One day when see and her mother were all alon, her mother saiz, "Come my gurl, you'll have to take yor poor owld grandmother some lunce, you know sees *bin* vurra sick. Sees bin havin roomatism and dzust has to shtay in bed *all* the taime." So Red Ridin Hood's mother has bin puttin a bannock and two shmocked gold ayes in a rogan [basket], and saiz to her "Off now my gurl and take this lunce to yor grandmother, and bile the kettle for the por owld wife, while *yor* there."

Now, off goes Red Ridin Hood, wacking thru the buss to her grandmother's, which wuz a *loang* piece off. See didn't *go* far when see saw a strainz lookin thing. See was narvus and dubious, but he *saiz* to har, "Hallo my gurl, where are you off to *now*?"—at the same taime he's been shniffin *at* her basket. Little Red Ridin Hood tald him, "I'm been taking some lunce to my owld grandmother, who's bin sick and caint even bile the kettle far *her*self. Sees goat to shtay in baid *awl* the taime."

This strainz animal who was dzust a wickit dashed wolf, saiz "How will yor grandmah let you in if sees got to shtay *een* baid?" Little Red Ridin Hood saiz, "When I noak on the door and tell her it's me, see will say, 'Pull the shtring and it will *lift* the latz.'

Then the wickit wolf saiz, "Why dawnt you pick some flowers for the por owld wife, and sit down far a shpell, there's no hurry, it's sutz a *nice* day."



Little Red Ridin Hood's bin thinkin it's a good idea and shtarted *pickin* flowers. After see'd pickt enough flowers see sat down for a minit and sees bin fallin asleep. While sees asleep that wickit wolf's bin shneakin off to the owld *wife's* place. He noaked on the dahr and the owld grandmother saiz, "Who's that noakin at the dahr?", and the wickit owld wolf saiz, "It's me, little Red Ridin Hood," so the owld wife saiz, "Pull the shtring and wack *een*."

The wolf gave the shtring a *haird* pull, and the dahrs bin *flyin* oppen. Before the owld lady knows wats bin goin on, the wickit dashed wolf dzumped on the baid and *ate* har up.

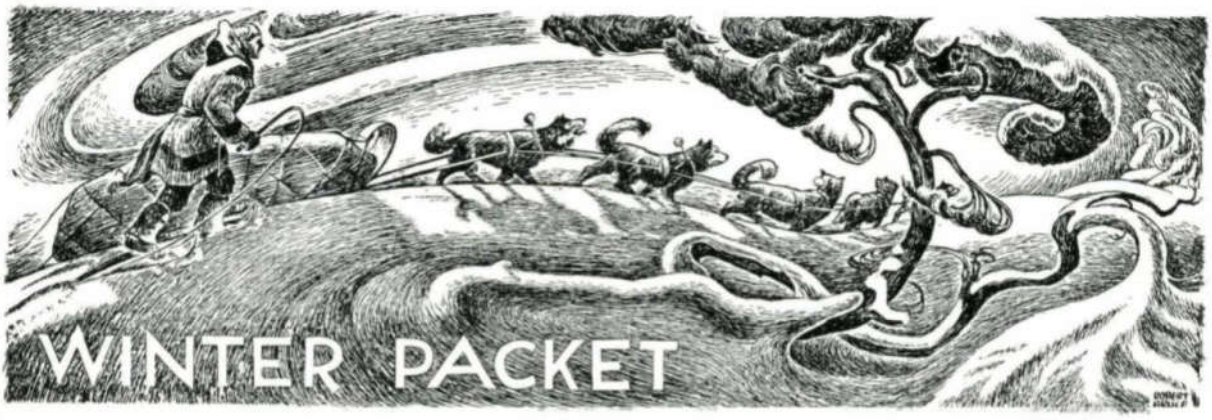
Now then, Red Ridin Hood's bin wackin up, picks up her flowers and the lunce and starts off, runnin full race to her owld grandmother's. Pretty soon see comes to the house and nawks hard *on* the dahr. The wolf is in baid with the owld wife's nightdress on and he cawls out, "Who is noakin *at* the dahr?", and Little Red Ridin Hood saiz, "It's me, grandma," so the wickit wolf saiz, "Pull the shtring and it will *lift* the latz." Little Red Ridin Hood pulled the shtring, awpened the dahr and wacked over *to* the baid.

See not-issed somthin strainz about her grandmother and sayd, "Oh grandma, what big ears you have!", and the wolf saiz, "The better to hear you *my* pet." Then see saiz, "What big ayes you have grandma!", and the wolf saiz, "The better to see you *my* pet too." Then Red Ridin Hood saiz, "Aw, what a big mouth you have grandma!", and the wolf saiz, "The better to eat you with *my* dear," and as the wickit wolf saiz that, he makes a dzump at por little Red Ridin Hood, but he's bin gettin his feet cawt in the por owld grandmother's nightdress, and couldn't catz little Red Ridin Hood, who was runnin full race out the dahr and *cawlin* hard.

Her fa-ther who wuz comin home from cuttin wood, heard her cawlin and ran over dzust as the wolf wuz going to grab por little Red *Ridin* Hood. He had a sarp axe, and cut the wickit wolf's bella wide awpen. When the wolfe ate the owld lady, he's bin so greedy he never even tsewd her, so the owld wife's bin dzumpin out, feelin fine whatefer.

Now my gurl, you see, you sould never shtop when you are goin on a messidze and never tawlk to strainzers *in* the buss. ◆

"They cald her Red Ridin Hood cawz see wuz olwuz warin a red cot, like a capote."



Unlike the Pard

One of our favorite northern epigrams is found in the *Beaver* for September, 1940. Written by a good Arctic man, D. A. Wilderspin, it states that the only two reasons for a man growing a beard in the North are laziness or vanity. That, we think, ticks off the beard-wearers rather neatly. But it was not always so. In the days when safety razors were an unimagined refinement, and when there was not even one member of an after-shave club, the man of vanity in the North did not grow a beard. He shaved. And thereby hangs this tale:

The picture for the 1952 H B C calendar, which is also reproduced on the cover of this *Beaver*, had been duly painted. After a great deal of research and discussion on such points as costume, the log tent, the lay of the land, the age of the dogs, and so on, Franklin Arbuckle had finally completed the picture to everyone's liking—or so we thought—and it was proudly displayed in the editorial office.

Then one day a Hearne expert (who shall be nameless here, but whose identity can be guessed) walked into the office, stood looking at the picture for a while, and coldly observed: "He's given Hearne a beard."

The reply, of course, was that Hearne had been in the bush for a whole winter, living with a bunch of men in a frowzy log tent, and that even though he was a civilized citizen in an era of smooth faces, he would naturally have grown a beard. So without a word the visiting expert walked to a nearby bookcase, took down the Champlain Society's edition of Hearne's *Journey*, and leafing unerringly to page 97, pointed out a reference to the explorer being plundered by Indians on his way back to Prince of Wales's Fort. He then indicated a passage lower down which read: "Finding them possessed of so much generosity, I ventured to solicit them for my razors; but thinking that one would be sufficient to shave me during my passage home, they made no scruple to keep the other; luckily they chose the worst."

In due course, therefore, Mr. Arbuckle in Montreal was astonished to receive his painting once more, with an apologetic request to get out his brush and shave Mr. Hearne. And the result is visible on the cover. ◆

Sic Transit . . .

After reading Mrs. Finlayson's account of her 1840 trip along the well-travelled waterway between Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg, it is arresting to find in the *Arctic Circular* a statement by Dr. H. J. Scoggan, in an article describing a recent journey along the same route: "Except for the cabins of an old prospector on Knee Lake, and a Hudson's Bay Company post on Oxford Lake, no signs of human habitation were observed in the entire 300-mile stretch of the Nelson-Echimamish-Hayes system between Norway House and York Factory."

One might think that, over a century later, a route that was part of the main highway between Britain and the Canadian West would have been developed and populated. But instead of that, it lies almost abandoned. Yet this is true of so many of the waterways that used to be the highways of this country—such great rivers as the Ottawa, the Red, and the Saskatchewan. Once the channels through which flowed most of the transport in their own regions, they are now abandoned except by a few pleasure boats and an occasional commercial craft. Cities and towns have grown up along their banks, but they are served by land and air, rather than water transportation. ◆

Flying Feat

The recent annals of the North are filled with the exploits of Canada's "bush" pilots, many of whom fly thousands of miles over territory where not a bush is to be seen. Radio communication has made their job easier, and their arrivals and departures more dependable; but now and then one hears of some outstanding flight where all the traditional qualities of the pioneer bush flier have been called into play. Such a trip was made recently by Pilot Joe Coombes and Engineer Arnold Wallace in the Company's single-engined Norseman CF-BHT, during which all three gave a remarkable exhibition of endurance and dependability.

On Sunday, August 12, they were at the inland Eskimo post of Padley, west of Hudson Bay, when they received a radio message asking them to make an emergency flight to the far north. First they had to fly 150 miles out to Eskimo Point on the coast of the Bay to refuel. From there they headed north up the shoreline to Chesterfield and Repulse Bay; then striking north-west across Rae Isthmus, Simpson Peninsula, and Pelly Bay (all named for good H B C men), they reached Spence Bay post 9½ hours after leaving Padley.

At the post they picked up their passenger and a load of fuel, then turned and headed south across 425 miles of no-man's-land to Chesterfield. Again refueling, they flew on along the coast to Eskimo Point, where they sat down for the night, having travelled considerably more than a Sabbath day's journey—to be precise, 1720 miles—in 13½ hours' flying time. Mr. Coombes, incidentally, is very tall, and anyone who has occupied the rather cramped pilot's seat of a Norseman will have some idea of what he went through during that long and wearisome flight.

Next morning they were off again, and flying by way of Churchill and Norway House, they reached Winnipeg not quite 7½ hours, or 940 miles, later. That trip, we should say, is one for the book. ◆

Authors

Mary Elizabeth Colman is a Vancouver, B.C. writer . . . *Isobel Finlayson* was the wife of Chief Factor Duncan Finlayson and the sister of Frances Simpson, who married her celebrated cousin George of the same name . . . *Richard Glover*, Ph.D., is an Associate Professor of History at the University of Manitoba and an authority on Samuel Hearne and the Saskatchewan fur trade . . . *S. J. Gooding* is on the staff of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology . . . *Richard Harrington*, whose photographs consistently appear in this magazine, covers Canada with his cameras . . . *Dan McDonald* is a resident of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario . . . *David Mulligan*, former alderman of Winnipeg, is a student of Red River history . . . Capt. *C. T. Pedersen* of Rockaway Beach, California, spent many years whaling and trading in the Western Arctic, where he headed the Canalaska Trading Co. . . . *J. Lewis Robinson*, Ph.D., is associate professor of geography at the University of British Columbia . . . Father *G. M. Rousseliere* is a missionary who has travelled widely in the Eastern Arctic . . . *S. Osborne Scott*, a former passenger traffic manager for the C.N.R.'s western region, is a third-generation Red River man . . . *R. C. Wallace*, Ph.D., recently retired from the principalship of Queen's University. ◆

BOOK REVIEWS

ORKNEY, by Hugh Marwick. Ryerson Press, Toronto, and Robert Hale, London, 1951. 286 pages.

THE series of County Books, published under the general editorship of Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, has the purpose of being "talkative companions, engagingly informative about the life of the county, past and present." The book on Orkney, written by a scholar of wide reputation in the field of archeological and linguistic history as it pertains to the Orkneys, more than fulfils the purpose for which the County Books were projected. The story of the Pre-Pictish, the Pictish, the Norse, and the Scottish Earldom dominance in the Orkneys is told with a clarity that comes from real competence; while the more modern times and ways are depicted with a charm of language and with an appreciation of the beautiful that make this book a truly outstanding contribution. To those who fondly claim these northern isles as their home land Dr. Marwick has done an abiding service. To those who are interested in a group of islands which have shown the mark of man uninterruptedly from 2000 B.C. to the present day, this book will present an extraordinarily vivid picture of scenes of ruthless exploitation and of heroic achievement.

In these islands nature speaks to the heart. To quote Dr. Marwick, "The spirit of the place lays hold of you. . . . It may be partly the impressive grandeur of nature itself, the mighty crags behind and the restless heaving ocean in front stretching out to the indescribable glories of the setting sun. It is perhaps partly a sense of your own solitude and utter insignificance in the midst of such splendour . . . You feel as if you were standing on what is, in a sense, hallowed ancestral ground." From a quarter from which little might be expected—Vice Admiral von Reuter, in command of the surrendered German Fleet in Scapa Flow after the 1914-18 war—came the following: "It was during a May evening, the sun sank to the horizon at a late hour, and all the colour of which it seemed possessed was poured over the evening sky. The spectacle was overpowering and enchanting. And then, as though this were not of sufficient splendour, the Northern Lights flung their fiery streams into the blaze—the clouds were fired, and in their flaming fire rose the dark naked cliffs of the mountains of Orkney. There is yet a God!"

To the author, the present reviewer, a fellow Orcadian and his friend of half a century, can only say, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for a book which has given me great pleasure in the reading and great pride in the possessing." It is a book which will link Canadians still more closely with these beautiful northern isles from which so many came out to Canada to serve the Hudson's Bay Company, and to serve that Company well. It will stand as the definitive story of the Orkney isles.

—*R. C. Wallace*

Amagooalik of Arctic Bay believes in getting his Christmas seals early. W. R. Hall

What a thing to give an Eskimo! Ted Tadda

Here and There in Eskimoland

The Drunkard Jean Philippe

This stone carving by Munamee of Cape Dorset, collected by the Houstons for the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, was accepted by Princess Elizabeth in Halifax on November 9. Bert Beaver

LITTLE GIANT, the Story of Henry Kelsey, by Olive Knox, illustrated by Clarence Tillenius. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1951. 196 pages.

TRADERS NORTH, by Wilson MacArthur. Collins, London, Glasgow, and Toronto, 1951. 256 pages.

Note: The book review section of the Beaver *makes it a rule to deal only with "factual" books that fall within the field of this magazine. But the volumes of boys' fiction reviewed here are so firmly based on recorded facts, that an exception is made in their case.*

LITTLE Giant—*Mis-top-ashish*—was the name the Crees gave Henry Kelsey because he killed two grizzly bears. Kelsey was the first white man on the Canadian prairies, and the first to see the buffalo there, as well as the musk ox of the barrens. He was only twenty when he first went into that great unknown country with a band of Assiniboines, and his adventurous life makes an excellent subject for a boys' book. Unfortunately for the historian, we know very little about the details of his wanderings; but it's an ill wind, and this lack of information gives a novelist plenty of scope to enlarge on his adventures and at the same time stay within the limits of available history.

Mrs. Knox has done just this. She has carefully consulted her historical sources, but where they are silent she has given free rein to her imagination. There is excitement enough in her story to please the most demanding of youngsters in the 12-14 age bracket, and the fact that the dialogue is modern will not matter a bit. The young reader may wonder briefly why Kelsey suddenly becomes so archaic in his language when he writes up his rhyming journal, but that's of small moment.

There are plenty of real people in the story, among them Radisson, Groseilliers' nephew, and various fort governors and ship captains. But Kelsey's Indian pal Tom Savage is imaginary, and so is his girl friend, daughter of Governor Sergeant, while Sergeant's son has had his name changed from Henry to James to avoid confusion.

If any criticisms are to be made of the book they must be small ones. We regret to see, for instance, that the editor did not catch the use of the word "flaunt" for "flout" on page 36. (If the French had flaunted the H B C governor's orders they would have advertised them, not ignored them.) On page 60, it is highly doubtful if a boy of Kelsey's woods-lore would have been afraid of any wild animals he would meet along the shores of Hudson Bay. P. 70: Foxes bark, they don't howl; p. 92: Deer don't have fur; p. 101: *Pachegora* should be *Pachegoia* (same as Pasquia); p. 117: Beavers don't pack down the mud of their lodges with their tails; p. 127: The Assiniboines would not give a Cree name to Kelsey; p. 139: Where would the Indians find a pot of water big enough to accommodate a whole dog?

But these minor objections are merely small voices in a wilderness of roaring rapids and thundering hooves and crackling forest fires, and all the other exciting elements that go to make up a boys' story of this type. And while he's reading it, the youngster is going to be absorbing, willy-nilly, a lot of knowledge about Hudson Bay and the Canadian West in the late 17th century.

Clarence Tillenius' excellent illustrations add greatly to the book's authenticity and attractiveness—though some readers may wonder how the early spring prairie "crocus" happens to be blooming in the late fall.

One of the illustrations by Clarence Tillenius for *Little Giant*. Kelsey was the first white man known to have seen a musk ox.

Mr. MacArthur's book also deals with the fur trade of the 17th century, and while his hero, Michael Windfield, is fictitious, all the other characters are real. Groseilliers and Radisson figure largely in it, for the story is based on the first two voyages of the Hudson's Bay Company to James Bay, in 1668 and 1670. The dialogue is of the period, but easy to read, and no attempt is made to give the Frenchmen the accents they would have. The book as a whole, in fact, makes better reading for the adult than Mrs. Knox's because it is meant for older boys.

The author has taken considerable pains to get his historical facts right. He knows Hudson Bay and Strait at first hand; he has read the best authorities on the subject—mainly Dr. Nute's *Caesars of the Wilderness*—and he has had his story checked for authenticity of detail. But despite this passion for accuracy, he has turned out a fine tale of adventure which would easily stand on its own legs, even if it weren't substantially true.

As for the illustrations, they are fine when dealing with non Canadian subjects; but they show a woeful ignorance of the topography and the natives of James Bay.—*C.P.W.*

AS FAR AS THE YUKON, by Florence Page Jaques. Illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques. Harpers, New York, 1951. 234 pages.

EVERY Jaques book published so far has been a delight to read and to look at, and this new volume is no exception. It tells, with the charm and humour that their readers have come to look for, of an astonishing trip they made, mostly by train, from New York down to Texas, across to California, up to Vancouver, by boat to Skagway, by rail to Whitehorse, by sternwheeler to Dawson, and back to Vancouver. Then a side trip on the fabulous P.G.E. Railway, and finally across Canada, via Lake Louise and Delta, to their beloved Quetico-Superior country. The last two chapters will be familiar to *Beaver* readers, as they deal with Delta and the wilderness of the Minnesota-Ontario boundary.

Unlike the former books, the emphasis here is on two completely different subjects—trains and wildflowers—two subjects for which Mr. and Mrs. Jaques respectively have great enthusiasm. As they took the trip in the spring and summer, Mrs. Jaques' passion for wildflowers, from the yucca of Texas to the tundra rose of the Yukon, found full satisfaction. And as the White Pass & Yukon, and the Pacific & Great Eastern ("which is neither great, eastern, nor pacific") are two of the most unusual railways on the continent, Mr. Jaques was happy too.

The non-botanist may find the recurring description of wildflowers a little wearisome after a while, and will probably end by glossing over the later paragraphs dealing with them. Perhaps if Mrs. Jaques had placed some of her philosophy about them early on in the book, instead of towards its end, the ordinary reader would be more sympathetic with her enthusiasm. For instance:

> I do not think of flowers as "courageous" in wild places and wild weather, nor of them "lifting brave little faces." Sentimentality is all very well with cultivated flowers . . . but wild flowers deserve more than sentimentality; they deserve an honest regard and deference. These wild flowers are not inconsequential trifles in our world; they awaken a response in all that is finest in man. . . .
>
> The glittering mosaic around me, of scarlet and gold, orange and rose, had such intensity—an intensity because the colours were *living*. Psychologists admit that colour has an extraordinary effect on our subconscious minds; how much more must these hues that are aglow with life have a mysterious force.

But there is much more of Nature in this book than flowers. There is the great rain forest of the coast, birds and fish and mammals. The author is at her best describing the idiosyncrasies of small animals, and her bit about the tame flying squirrels is delightful.

Here and there she fills in the scene with an interesting historical backdrop, such as the Yukon gold rush, the Cariboo Road, and so on. But once she gets a little off the track, when she says that the Klondike gold strike was made in Alaska!

This is the farthest afield that the Jaqueses have ranged yet in their literary wanderings. And when they return at last to the familiar woods and waters of the Laurentian Shield, to the "cherished wilderness" of *Canoe Country* and *Snowshoe Country*, it is like a homecoming.

Mr. Jaques' scratchboard drawings are completely satisfying. Whether he is picturing mountains or steamboats, trees or birds, animals or railways, he is always arrestingly competent, and the illustrations in *As Far as the Yukon* are, as usual, superb both in rendering and design.—*C.W.*

HUDSON'S BAY TRADER, by Lord Tweedsmuir. Clerke & Cockeran, London, 1951. 176 pages.

FEW readers who are interested in the far north—and how many of us are not?—will be able to resist this little book. It has the best qualities of the travel book. It is clearly and coolly written. The eye behind the pen is keen and observant. There is no attempt to draw the long bow on the country and its people—the fatal trap into which so many writers fall.

Hudson's Bay Trader is a diary kept by Lord Tweedsmuir during a year spent in the Hudson's Bay Company's service at Cape Dorset on the south western extremity of Baffin Island. It was written "by lamp-light in the winter, or by the never-ending daylight of the summer months, or somewhere between the two. But some of it was written in snow houses on the winter trail, lying in a sleeping-bag, comforted by the friendly roar of a primus stove. Some was written by the pale radiance of a seal-oil lamp, in the snow houses of various Eskimos with whom I was lodging for the night. Some was written in a tiny wooden cabin in the bows of our little Peterhead schooner, which was dignified by the name of the fo'c's'le, where my eiderdown sleeping-bag shared the small surface of planking with the serpentine coils of the anchor chain."

It was written, as much as anything else, for something to do, and long after his return from the Arctic was found by the first Lord Tweedsmuir, who had the three grubby exercise books typed out. Now, happily enough, they are published for all of us stay-at-homes who can only visit Baffin Island and enjoy the complete and perfect peace of the north—the words are Lord Tweedsmuir's—at second-hand.

The author's companion during his stay was Chesley Russell, who is still in the service of the Company. At 38, Russell then had 18 years' experience of the Company's far northern trade. Lord Tweedsmuir was his assistant. The success of the book lies in the faithful description of the daily routine, the commonplace with the rare, the routine of the house with the excitement of the hunt, the normality in so many respects of the life he lived and the strangeness of the country in which that life was lived. There are beautifully descriptive passages, warm and understanding commentaries on his Eskimo companions, and a commendable facility for atmosphere. Lord Tweedsmuir went north after a long and serious illness. It is good to be able to report that his stay on Baffin Island aided his recovery. He went on to a fine military career during the war and his book shows that his father's great talents have come down, at least in part measure, to his son.—*F. B. W.*

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